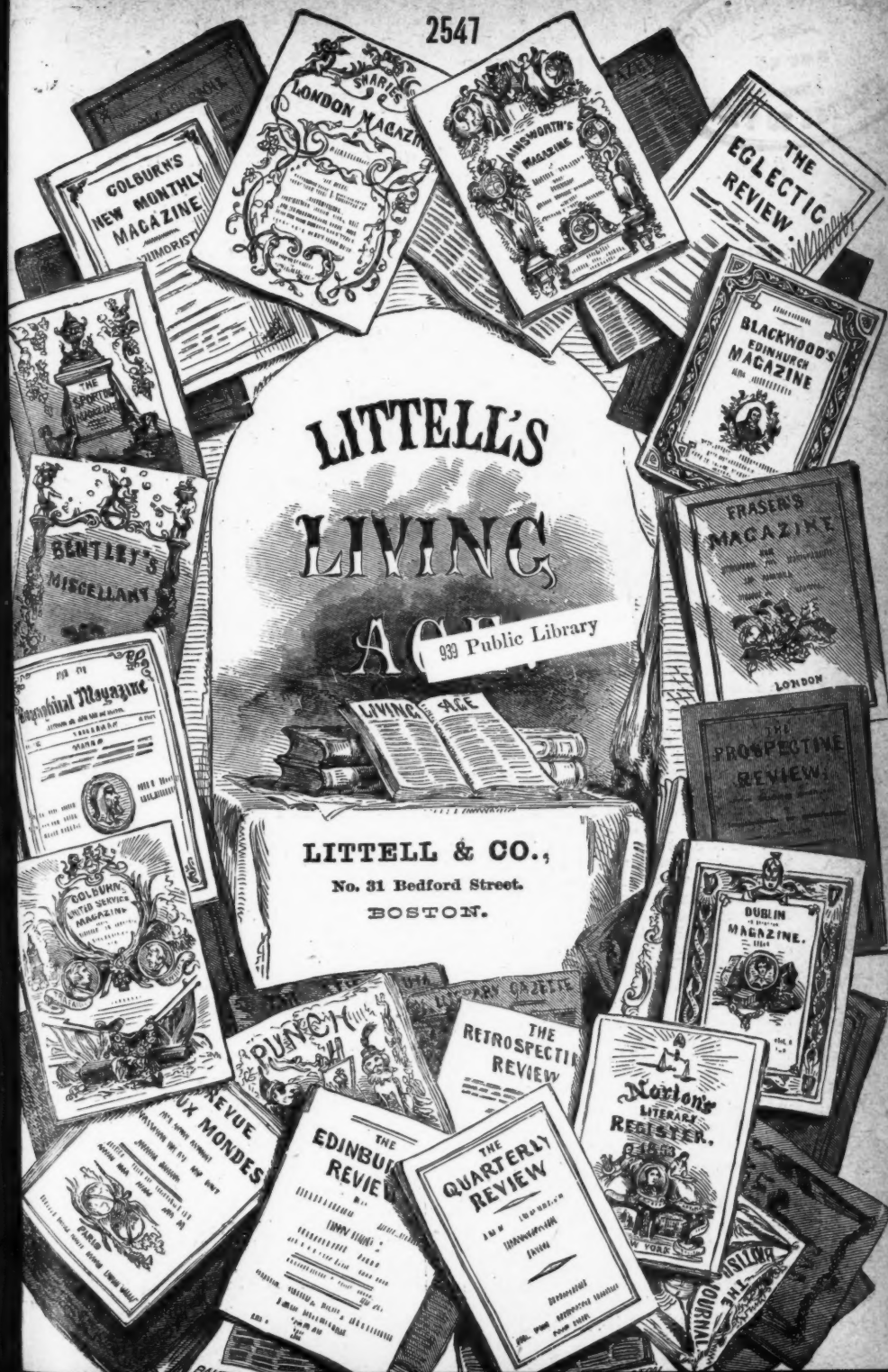


2547



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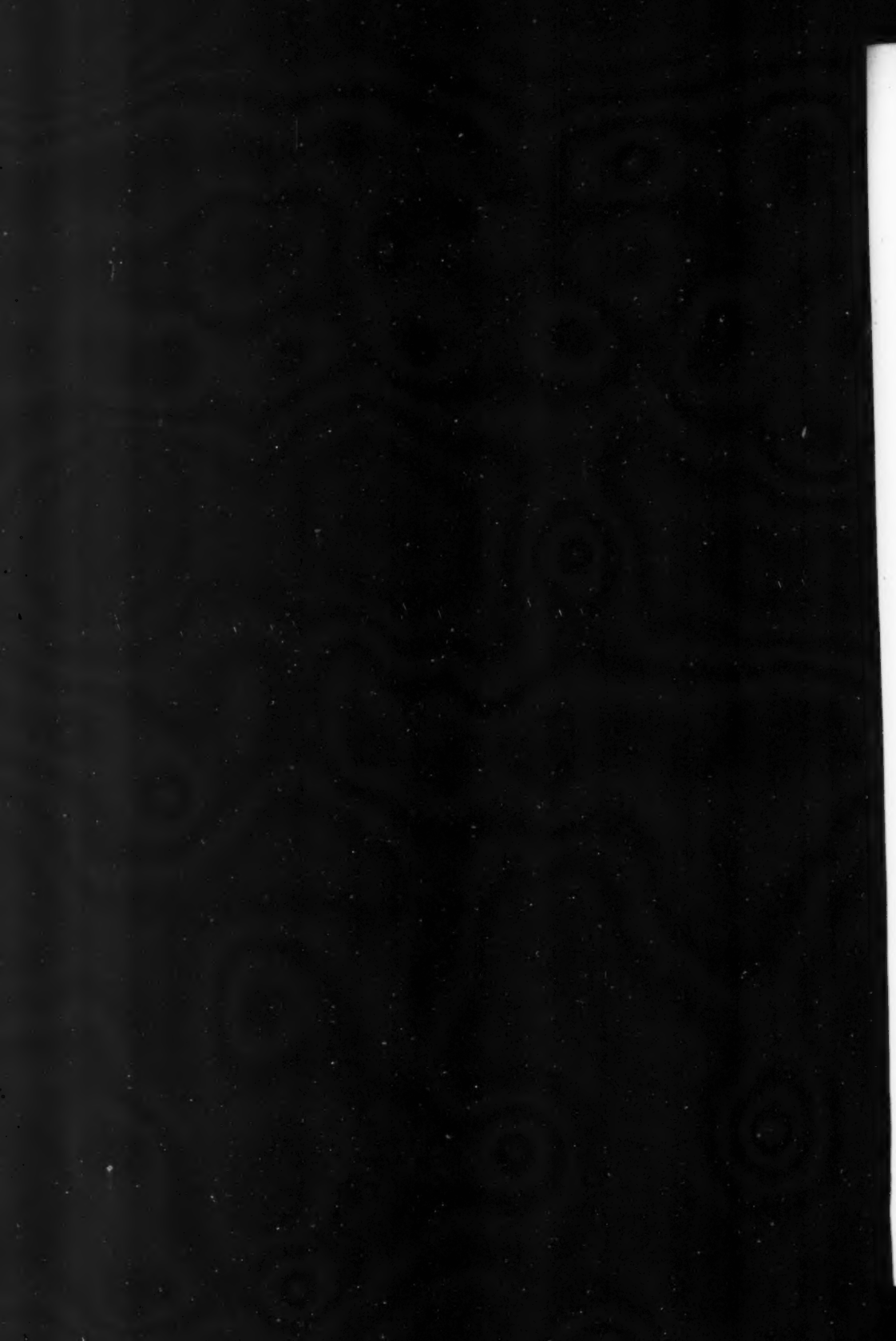
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Fifth Series,
Volume LXXXII. }

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LOVE'S REASON.¹

Love me not for comely grace. — *Old Madrigal.*
 NAY, do not love me for my doughty deeds,
 Nay, do not love me for my warrior's weeds,
 Nor for my form or face,
 Nor for my pride of place,
 Else one day I might fall from grace,
 And penance do in vain, and vainly tell my
 beads.

Nay, love me but for true love's perfect
 sake ;
 Cast all thy love upon my soul for stake,
 As gamblers do with dice,
 O'er-valiant in their vice,
 Not once alone, nor only twice,
 And heal my wounded heart, and help its
 lonely ache:

If love between us without reason be,
 'Tis reason good, for reasonless is he ;
 Then let him have his way,
 And do not strive or pray ;
 With us the knave will surely stay,
 Seeing in fate's despite how well we twain
 agree.

Then since pure love is given on either
 hand,
 The bargain is most righteous, and shall
 stand
 When other loves grow cold
 That are but bound by gold,
 And propped with reasons manifold,
 For love on reason based is built on shifting
 sand.

JAMES LEIGH JOYNES.

¹ On Lonely Shores and other Rhymes, by James
 Leigh Joynes. 1892.

TO A SIGN-PAINTER.

O WORTHY artist, in my chair
 I sat, and watched you working there,
 A humble slave of art,
 Upon the board which bears the sign
 I saw you painting, line by line,
 In hues astonishingly fine
 That marvellous White Hart.

How gleaming white the creature shone,
 How green the grass he stood upon,
 When all was quite complete !
 Observe the posture of the head,
 The eye (a lurid spot of red),
 The strange extremities, instead
 Of ordinary feet !

You vanished at your labor's close,
 Since other landlords, I suppose,
 For your assistance ask ;
 A Ship—a military scene—
 A Lion red—a Dragon green—
 The Sun and Moon, with stars between—
 What is your present task ?

What though perspective you ignore,
 What though the paints you keep in store
 Are bad as bad can be ?
 Impressionists would doubtless glance
 Upon your masterpiece askance,
 But yet their scorn is not, perchance,
 From envy wholly free.

An artist in a humble sphere,
 Of carping cliques you have no fear,
 No dread of critic's tongue.
 Contented with the rustics' praise,
 No base committee of R.A.'s
 Avails to rob you of your bays—
 Your works are always hung !

No thought of unavailing quest
 For purchasers disturbs your rest,
 No fear of payment late ;
 Your work is scarcely finished when
 You take the money, there and then—
 A system which more famous men
 Would gladly imitate !

Cornhill Magazine.

COMMON THINGS.

GIVE me, dear Lord, thy magic common
 things,
 Which all can see, which all may share,
 Sunlight and dewdrops, grass and stars and
 sea,
 Nothing unique or new, and nothing rare.

Just daisies, knapweed, wind among the
 thorns ;
 Some clouds to cross the blue old sky
 above ;
 Rain, winter fires, a useful hand, a heart,
 The common glory of a woman's love.

Then, when my feet no longer tread old
 paths
 (Keep them from fouling sweet things
 anywhere),
 Write one old epitaph in grace-lit words :
 "Such things look fairer that he so-
 journd here."

Spectator.

C. L. M.

From *The Nineteenth Century*.

THE FINANCIAL CAUSES OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

I.

HISTORIANS and men of letters, in England as well as in France, have expended so much research and skill in elucidating every phase of the French Revolution, that the social and political fabric of the *Ancien Régime* may be said to have no more secrets to reveal. We have been satiated with descriptions of the luxurious customs and fascinating fashions of the French court and its satellites, are familiar with the levity of the ruling classes, the scenes of the Reign of Terror, nay, even with the proverbial phrases and sayings of the prominent actors in the revolutionary drama, and finally, we have learned to appreciate the achievements of the democratic leaders in the cause of liberty—that liberty, as Madame Roland said at the foot of the guillotine, in whose name so many crimes had been committed.

Still, there is the temptation to ignore, if not to forget, the fact that whilst the Revolution demolished the ancient constitution of France, and accomplished the entire transformation of her political administration and social organization, as it were, in a day, the sudden collapse of the monarchy and the political orgies of the democracy were the result of almost innumerable and most intricate causes, many of which dated from a remote past. Perhaps, foremost among the causes which determined the Revolution, as it necessitated the summoning of the States-General, was the financial condition of the country. We are indebted to M. Gomel for giving us in a recently published volume—the first of a comprehensive work—an exhaustive account of the taxation, the financial and fiscal administration of France in the eighteenth century, as well as for making a minute examination of the ministry of Turgot, and the first ministry of Necker. M. Gomel conducts us skilfully through the well-nigh impenetrable maze of the public finance of the country, and almost throughout he leads us to infer

that nothing could have preserved the State from bankruptcy and the monarchy from destruction. It is only in the closing pages of the volume that M. Gomel propounds the view, that if Necker, whose first ministry ended in 1781, had not succumbed to the jealousy of the Prime Minister Maurepas the monarchy might have been saved; and that had the king, even then, persevered with fiscal reforms, at any rate the history of the Revolution would not have been written in letters of blood. It is not my purpose, however, to attempt to show what history might have been. That would be altogether beyond the scope of an article which is merely intended to be a sketch of the financial condition of France at the time of the accession of Louis the Sixteenth, and the reader must be left to decide whether the financial crisis could have been surmounted in view of the multitude of other causes of acute discontent which were indissolubly connected with it.

During the whole of the eighteenth century, indeed, since the latter part of the seventeenth, France was in a state of imminent when not in a state of actual insolvency. It is needless to dwell here on the many causes which tended to keep the royal treasury in a condition of chronic distress. Incessant and, as a rule, useless or disastrous wars, the erection of costly palaces, the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, the prodigality of Louis the Fifteenth, his selfish disregard of the most elementary principles of economy, constituted a perpetual drain on the resources of the country. The glamour which the commanding personality of Louis the Fourteenth shed on the throne; the success of his arms during the earlier part of his reign, which had raised France to the foremost place among European powers; the literary and artistic efflorescence which consecrated the pomp of Versailles, and the person of the king himself—all these influences combined to enhance the majesty of the crown and of its wearer. And though the reign of Louis the Fourteenth ended in domestic gloom, saw

the overthrow of the French forces, and brought about the impoverishment of the country, yet the memory of the king's achievements was still far from being obliterated, and the greatness France had attained under autocratic rule served to blind the people to the evils of that rule itself. Whatever knowledge we may possess of French history, it is still somewhat difficult to appreciate to the full the unrestricted absolutism of the French monarchy in all that related to the finances. Of contemporary absolute monarchies Russia may be taken as a fair example. Yet, even in Russia there is some show of deference to public opinion. The Russian finance minister annually publishes a budget of the income and expenditure of the country; though how far his estimates represent the genuine revenue resources of the country; what limits are set to the private expenditure of the czar; in short, to what extent his figures — which almost invariably show an even balance of income and expenditure — are trustworthy, may be difficult to decide. In France there was no such thing as a budget of any shape or kind, nor were there any limits set to the expenditure of the king. Profound secrecy was maintained as to the administration of the finances until the ministry of Turgot, and, strange as it may appear, the nation was content that this should be the case. The people were aware, it is true, that that administration was a very tangled web, and the heavy taxes extorted from them could not fail to make them conscious that the treasury was not overflowing; but they allowed matters to abide under the belief that the king, in whom France was incarnate, was, of all Frenchmen, the one to whom a sound financial administration was most important. The king, for his part, was only too anxious to foster this delusion, which left his subjects in a state of blissful ignorance, so that he could tax them at his discretion, and apply the proceeds according to his own personal inclinations. From the secrecy thus maintained, the people fancied the king was as rich as he seemed from his pro-

fuse expenditure, they were less enraged than they otherwise might have been at his extravagance, and their displeasure vented itself chiefly on his ministers whenever taxation was increased. Murmurs, it is true, occasionally arose from them, especially in years when bread was exceptionally dear, and when they could not fail to note the contrast between the reckless profusion of the court and of their absentee landlords, and their own abject want and misery. The sense of wrong rankled in their hearts, the cleavage between them and the governing classes became wider and deeper, but, as tradition and custom still made them inclined to believe that their hard lot was part of the proper order of nature, they bore their yoke sullenly, but with more patience than might have been expected.

In the first place, it must be borne in mind that, during the whole of the eighteenth century, even up to the day of the Revolution, the system of public finance in France was so crude, its fundamental rules so misunderstood and misapplied, that even human ingenuity of the highest class might well have been baffled in the attempt to reduce it to order. The rulers of France did not appear to understand that there is a limit to the extent of taxation even in the richest country, and that there must be a certain element of justice in its incidence, even under the most autocratic rulers, if ultimate bankruptcy and ruin are to be avoided. It is true that her bad financial condition did not greatly injure the credit of France, and her pecuniary needs were supplied by loans from her own financiers. But however freely one can borrow, the time must come sooner or later when the debt has to be repaid, and the bridge by which difficulties are temporarily surmounted becomes so over-weighted by its constantly increasing burdens that it must some day collapse into the chaos beneath. The misgovernment of Louis the Fifteenth paved the way for this catastrophe in the case of the edifice of French credit.

Whether he is regarded as a ruler or as a man, it would be hard to pass too

severe a judgment on Louis the Fifteenth. If a slight extenuation of his shortcomings in either capacity can be found, it is by a generous consideration of the peculiar conditions of his regal position. He inherited the traditions of a monarchy in which his predecessor had been deified up to his last hour; circumstances conspired to imbue him not only with the conviction of his own infallibility, but that France, which he regarded as his personal property, was primarily intended by Providence to minister to his whims and pleasures. During the first thirty years of his reign he was apparently animated by the desire to emulate the example of his great predecessor, by seeking distinction in the field and earning the esteem of his subjects. Nor did he wholly fail in his attempt, as was proved by the title of *bien-aimé*, which a grateful people prematurely bestowed upon him. Like many a Roman emperor, however, he soon fell a prey to the inherent vices of his character, which his unquestioned authority and surroundings afforded him only too much scope for indulging. He was supported by a corrupt clergy and by a nobility equally corrupt; as, though the French nobles of the eighteenth century were, as a class, brave, dignified, and cultivated, their ambition had been narrowed by the personal supremacy of Louis the Fourteenth and had been debased by the evil days of the Regency. But still their territorial possessions and wealth, and the maintenance of their ancient privileges, enabled them to exercise a great influence over the king, from which he was too indolent and selfish to attempt to liberate himself. They were mutually dependent on each other, and any separation of their interests would have been fatal to both. As a rule the leading ambition of the French nobles during the eighteenth century was to dip their hands as deep as possible into the public purse, to obtain the means of gratifying that inordinate love of display and luxury which was the bane of their order.

Behind the nobles stood the *tiers état*, who may be divided into two classes.

The first consisted of the wealthy *bourgeoisie*, always striving to gain entrance into a society to which they were admitted on sufferance, and by which they were treated with contemptuous familiarity. They fawned on those whom they looked upon as their social superiors, while they enviously resented that superiority. The second class was composed of men of letters, lawyers, and officials. This was the section of his subjects on whose education and enlightenment, on whose sympathy with the then budding new ideas, the king might have relied for advisers who would have been best fitted to assist him in reorganizing the administration of the country. But they hardly dreamed of sharing the honors of Versailles, and were either kept in subordinate positions or scornfully ignored. Under these circumstances their attitude to the crown was naturally one of hostility, and they had neither the opportunity nor the inclination to suggest a policy that might have saved the country.

Though Louis the Fifteenth was not devoid of statesmanlike qualities, and possessed some natural shrewdness and wit, to all intents and purposes he was a mere slave in the hands of his favorites. Another Louis the Fourteenth might have raised another Colbert or Louvois from the ranks of the *bourgeoisie* to reform the internal economy of France, and to lead its arms to victory, but Louis the Fifteenth only thought of advancing mediocrities who pandered to his vices. It must also be added that he inherited a colossal debt, which not even the ministers of the last years of Louis the Fourteenth had been able to diminish, and it would have demanded a self-abnegation entirely foreign to the nature of Louis the Fifteenth to have curtailed the splendor of the court, a splendor which was deemed the necessary accompaniment of the first throne in the civilized world. To ensure an effectual economy, Versailles must have been denuded of all its glories, peace been maintained at any price, the colonies well governed, and the whole system of financial adminis-

tration and local government entirely reconstructed.

In the following pages it is proposed to attempt a very brief sketch of the local administration and the financial system of France at that time; and though it must necessarily be incomplete, still it may to some extent illustrate the difficulties which even a stronger king than Louis the Sixteenth would have found it an heroic task to overcome at the time he ascended the throne.

France, until the Revolution, was divided into provinces of two kinds, the *pays d'état*, which had provincial States, and the *pays d'élection*, which were not so provided. About one-quarter only of the provinces had States, which were situated at the furthest boundaries of the kingdom, and these were better governed than the electoral provinces, as they were supplied with comparatively free and efficient municipalities. The States were local assemblies consisting of the representatives of the three orders, the clergy, the nobility, and the *tiers état*, performing very similar functions to those of our own county councils, but possessing the additional right of levying taxes and applying their proceeds within the limits of their province. Still, their power was limited. The members of the States were nominated by the crown, and, as a rule, were induced either by bribery or intimidation to carry out the mandates of the ministers of the king. The money they raised, instead of being applied to purposes of public utility, was often squandered in gifts to influential personages or in useless festivities, and whenever the king was in pecuniary difficulties — occasions which were of but too frequent occurrence — the States were coaxed or coerced into voting a subsidy to him under the pompous and misleading appellation of a *don gratuit*. The electoral provinces, which had neither provincial assemblies nor municipalities, were autocratically governed in the king's name by his officials. But both the *pays d'état* and the *pays d'élection* not only differed from each other in their powers and

financial administration, but in their constitution. Every province had its peculiar laws, customs, and feudal rights, and was fenced in by protection from its neighbors; while some had their own special standard of weights and measures, rendering uniformity of administration almost impossible. The numerous duties charged on raw materials or on manufactured goods on their passage from one province into another constituted a serious obstacle to trade and consequent loss to the country, a loss which was further aggravated by the exactions of a horde of greedy members of a tyrannical executive. The difficulties and disorder such a state of affairs occasioned at the treasury can be imagined.

But if the system of administration was complicated, the whole system of land tenure was more involved still. Real property consisted of nobiliary fiefs and *censives*, held by plebeians; the fiefs were exempt from, the *censives* were subject to, the *taille*. In early days the greater part of France consisted of fiefs, which, in the course of time, had been dismembered, parcelled out, and sold; but on the eve of the Revolution there were still thirty thousand of them. Though the fiefs had passed by sale into the hands of plebeians or of peasants, they were in some cases only held nominally as tenancies, and were liable to an infinite variety of feudal rights which were enforced by their paramount lords; whilst, in others, the owners entered into the full exercise of the feudal rights which were inherent in the soil. Some faint analogy may be said to exist between the English copyhold system and the service which had to be rendered under feudal customs. The copyhold system in England is, of course, either being rapidly commuted or is obsolete, and the writer of this paper, for instance, is in possession of a meadow for which he has to do three days' work at haymaking time — a duty to which he has not yet been summoned, fortunately for the lord of the manor, the meadow, and himself. These duties in France were numerous

and irksome. A peasant was compelled to use exclusively, and to pay for the use of, a certain mill, bakehouse, or wine-press; he was subjected to the *corvée*, or unpaid labor; he had to pay a tax on the sale of his crops as well as on manufactured goods; and on every recurrent sale on any portion of the land that had been acquired originally from the feudal lord. He was not allowed to sell the wine he had grown until the feudal lord had sold the produce of his own vineyards, and, even then—but this applied to all wine that was grown by nobles as well as peasants—duty had to be paid on its transit from one province to another, and it was, moreover, subject to certain feudal rights levied by persons in high station on its passage through their private domains. It frequently occurred that duty was levied on a barrel of wine twenty-seven times in being conveyed from the place it was grown to that in which it was sold, and it was said that it would have been cheaper to send wine from Peking to France than from Pontoise to Paris. This particular impost was known as a *péage*. But there were *péages* of other kinds. A horse with four white legs had to pay for this natural endowment, and a tinker, whenever he passed the gates of a castle with his stove, had to pay some coppers, and, in the event of his being unable to do so, he was obliged to kneel on the hard ground and recite a *Pater* and *Ave*.

It would be superfluous to dwell on the vexations from which the agriculturists suffered; but it may be useful to remind the reader that these numerous and conflicting feudal rights and privileges constituted a serious obstacle to the transfer of land, affording an opportunity, which was eagerly seized in many cases, for litigation of a protracted and unscrupulous character. Still, it must be remembered that in those days the notion of caste was so firmly rooted in every portion of the community by tradition and custom, that the third estate looked upon the drawbacks of their condition very much as a matter of course. The privileges of the nobility

were in their eyes justly earned because of their military services, and the clergy, because of their divine mission and the alms they dispensed—or were supposed to dispense—amongst the poor. Centuries of subjection and oppression had secured the people in the chains of a bondage and ignorance from which their rulers took good care not to release them. Until the end of the sixteenth century slavery may be said to have existed in France, as men and even women were bartered for money, and until the end of the seventeenth century the purchase of negroes for domestic service was openly countenanced. Until the Revolution, the laborer was occasionally sold with the soil, and there were one hundred and fifty thousand serfs in France at the end of the eighteenth century.

But, on the whole, the exemption of the governing classes from certain taxes exasperated the lower orders less than the peculiar form of taxation and the irritating methods employed for its collection. The direct taxes were first of all the *taille*, which has already been mentioned. The *taille* was not levied in a uniform manner. In some provinces it was a poll tax, in others a land tax; in others again it was a combined poll and land tax. But, in all cases, both the clergy and nobility were exempt from it. Various offices besides entitled their holders to immunity from the *taille*, some because of the patent of nobility they brought to the plebeian purchaser, all government offices being purchasable. The crown, which lost no opportunity of increasing its income, went on steadily multiplying these appointments with the object of selling them, and before the Revolution broke out they numbered as many as four thousand. There were many minor offices also which enjoyed exemption from the *taille*, though they carried no patent of nobility with them. The consequence of this was that the tax was chiefly concentrated on the agricultural interest, the very one which it would have been advisable to develop. The *taille* levied on the agricultural interest was, comparatively speaking,

unprofitable ; in the first place because of the expenses of collection ; and, in the second, as in most cases when a plebeian acquired a competence, he secured his exemption from this tax by purchasing an estate with feudal rights appertaining to it.

The population of France at that time has been variously computed, but at the accession of Louis the Sixteenth, M. Gomel puts it down approximately at twenty-five million three hundred thousand persons. The odd three hundred thousand may be evenly distributed between the clergy and the nobility, who, as has been said, were exempt from the payment of the *taille*. The twenty-five million were more or less liable to it — that is to say, the portion of them belonging to the rural classes. To realize fully the hardship caused by the incidence of this tax, we must take into account that about half of the whole soil of France belonged to the clergy and the nobility, and thus the wealthiest section of the landed community contributed nothing to the tax, which fell exclusively on the small and struggling proprietors amongst whom the other half of agricultural France was divided. But the mode in which the *taille* was levied still further illustrates its iniquity. The controller-general of the finances, in the first instance, decreed that a certain aggregate sum was to be raised by it, and then the subordinate officials and the local landlords in each province and parish were left to decide amongst themselves how the prescribed amount was to be extracted from the taxpayers. The combined forces of jobbery and absolute authority rendered its incidence grossly unfair, the poorer localities generally paying the larger share, while the richer ones escaped lightly. Thus there was brought about a condition of things in which the most miserable section of the community were made to feel their inferiority in every relation of life, they were humbled in all their feelings, and they could not but loathe those whom birth or favoritism had placed above them. As late as 1779, the Abbé Very, one of the reporters of the Committee of Taxation,

wrote that the collectors of the *taille* had no other rule to go upon for its assessment than their own personal opinion as to the relative resources of each taxpayer. The difficulty of effecting any reform in the system of taxation was made apparent in 1776, when it was proposed that the incumbents of some few offices, until then free from the *taille*, should be subjected to it. The Cour des Aides, a supreme court with power to deal with certain taxes, and the administration of some feudal dues, at once addressed a remonstrance to the king on the ground that he was seeking to encroach indirectly upon the inherent rights of the exempted classes. The members of the Cour des Aides were themselves in this category, and as it was their own privileges that were assailed, they were able to secure that the king's decree should be no more than so much waste-paper. Turgot's short tenancy of power did not allow him time to deal with the *taille*, and Necker, when he assumed office, found that those who paid it still belonged to the poorest portion of the population. So the *taille* continued to be enforced under Louis the Sixteenth, and the taxpayer was defrauded of his means by unfair assessments, unless, in self-defence, he was able to defraud the State by an assumed impecuniosity.

Rousseau, in his "Confessions," relates an anecdote which, in a brief compass, conveys to us a more realistic impression of the vexatious evils of the taxation than might possibly be gathered from a much more elaborate dissertation. During one of those pedestrian tours in which he delighted in his earlier days, he was impelled by hunger and thirst to enter the cottage of a peasant. He thought that he would find there the comforts and meet with the hospitality he had experienced in Switzerland under similar circumstances. He asked for some dinner, for which he offered payment ; and the peasant said that skimmed milk and barley bread was all he could offer him. Rousseau, however, sat down and thoroughly enjoyed his fare, frugal as it was, but he noticed that all the time

his host was scanning him narrowly. Being satisfied, apparently, that Rousseau was an honest young fellow and not a tax-collector in disguise, he opened a concealed cupboard from which he produced some ham and excellent bread and wine, which were followed by an omelette. Rousseau could not conceive what had alarmed his host, who refused to take any money, but he finally explained that he had hidden his wine and bread to escape the duty and the *taille*, as, were he not thought to be starving, he would be a ruined man. The future author of the "Contrat Social" significantly adds that on that day the seed was laid in his heart of an undying hatred for the oppressors of a suffering people. The man he had just left dared not eat the bread that he had earned by the sweat of his brow, and, though making a good livelihood, he could only stave off ruin by pretending he was as poor as those amongst whom he lived.

The second direct tax was called the capitation tax; a kind of graduated tax on capital, which was levied on the nobility as well as on the *tiers état*. The clergy had purchased their exemption from this tax in 1807, for the sum of twenty-three million livres (or francs); and the members of the royal family, the royal household, the heads of noble families, and such members of the *tiers état* as had appointments in the royal household,¹ contributed only eight hundred thousand livres out of the forty-two million livres the tax realized, a proportion entirely inadequate to their wealth. But this forty-two million livres was a much lower figure than the capitation tax ought to have produced, did not the inefficient system of administration render a fair assessment of it impossible. The collectors formed their estimates arbitrarily, and any protest on the part of the taxed gave rise to inquisitorial investigations which were

often aggravated by private spite and jealousy, unless the fear of giving offence to influential persons or private friendship secured immunity from payment altogether.

The third direct tax, instituted by Colbert, was the *vingtième*, an income tax supposed to be levied on every class. The clergy bought themselves out occasionally for a term of years by the payment of a lump sum, their great wealth enabling them to save their pockets in this manner, as the *vingtième* was frequently reduced to a tenth, and the tenth occasionally to a fifth, but whatever the sum they paid it was never in full proportion to the taxable value of their property.

M. Taine puts down the capitalized value of the property of the clergy at four milliards, producing an income of from eighty million livres to one hundred million livres, which was brought up to two hundred million livres by the addition of the tithes. Out of this they kept the ecclesiastical edifices in repair, and maintained their schools, but that is all that can be said on their behalf, and they fully deserved the obloquy and discredit they incurred because of the immoral conduct of most of their dignitaries, who squandered the money of the Church in profligacy. They possessed not only broad domains in the country, but their palatial mansions, surrounded by extensive gardens, formed a striking feature of the towns, and the middle classes looked with resentment upon these richly endowed priests, whose ostentatious grandeur and pretensions were a constant source of offence to the people.

The suffering inflicted on the rural classes by the fiscal system can be realized when it is stated that out of every hundred francs of net revenue, no less than fifty-three francs were paid in direct taxation, fourteen francs twenty-eight centimes in tithes, and fourteen francs twenty-eight centimes in feudal dues, leaving less than one-fifth part for the support of the taxpayer and his family.² "The taxation in France

¹ Until the beginning of the eighteenth century all the members of the royal household were noblemen, but their appointments had to be purchased, and as money was becoming scarce amongst the nobility, many of the wealthy *bourgeois* stepped in and bought the vacant places.

² Sybel's *Histoire de la Révolution*.

bore a higher proportion to its wealth than under any of the governments up to the fall of Napoleon the Third, with the exception of that of the Reign of Terror. In some provinces the proportion of taxation to the revenue borne by those who were *tailable* was about five times as great as at present, and its enormity was mainly due to the exemption enjoyed by almost all the wealthiest members of the community."¹

It is not difficult to understand, therefore, how these direct taxes were cordially detested, how their incidence opened the way for gross abuse, and ultimately caused the entire system to be embraced in one sweeping condemnation.

The indirect taxes were very numerous, comprising amongst them the customs, the *octroi*, the excise, the taxes on wine, oil, tobacco, cards, manufactured goods, and the *gabelle* or salt tax. It must be remembered that customs duties were not only levied at the frontiers of the kingdom, but between every French province. All these indirect taxes were farmed to a company, consisting of sixty *fermiers généraux*, ironically termed the sixty pillars of the State, a system first established in 1697, when the ministers of Louis the Fourteenth were face to face with an appalling deficit, and were at their wits' end to raise money. A syndicate of financiers relieved the immediate wants of the king by advancing a sum of ready money to meet the emergency, and they received in return the right of collecting the taxes. The *fermiers généraux* were appointed by the king for a period of six years, paying each year in advance a stipulated sum for the term. Their profits on the collection were estimated at a certain sum, and if it was discovered that the value of their "farms" appreciably exceeded the estimate, the amount of the contract, when it came to be renewed, was proportionately increased. Nominally the *fermiers*, as has been said, were sixty in number, but the king appointed twenty-seven more, under the name of "ad-

juncts." Then, again, in many cases the *fermier* was himself a man of straw, to whom the king gave the appointment as a favor. The office, however, was so profitable that men of wealth were always ready not only to supply the nominal *fermier* with the money to purchase the contract, but to subsidize him handsomely for the privilege of doing so. These partners were called *croupiers*—hence the modern term; but they were of two classes. The legitimate *croupier*, who invested his money in the speculation, was, according to the feeling of the time, engaged in a fair transaction; but the illegitimate *croupier*, who invested no money, and was placed as a charge on the "farm," was one of the most prolific causes of abuse connected with a bad system. This latter class of *croupiers* were either notabilities or court favorites—mere licensed plunderers of the people. Louis the Fifteenth gave *croupes* to his mistresses, and even had a share in one himself. The "farms" were also saddled with pensions imposed upon them by the king, whose daughters and daughters-in-law had their incomes augmented from this source. When Louis the Sixteenth ascended the throne, however, he transferred part of the *croupe* he had inherited from his predecessor to his faithful servant, Thierry, and restored the remainder to the treasury. In addition to these impositions, the *fermiers-généraux* were expected to ensure the good will of each successive controller-general by a considerable gift of money, and in 1774 the Abbé Terray received in this way a sum of three hundred thousand livres.

The extravagant expenditure of some of the *fermiers-généraux* conveyed an exaggerated impression to the minds of the people as to the profit they derived from their contracts, and the odium which fairly attached to some of their number was indiscriminately applied to the whole body of them, though they included many honest and conscientious financiers and such distinguished men as Helvétius, Lavoisier, and Beaujon, the founder of the well-known hospital in Paris.

¹ Lecky's History of England in the Eighteenth Century.

A more immediate cause of the hatred with which the masses regarded the *fermiers-généraux*, and which ultimately sent thirty-two of them to the guillotine, was rather the nature of their work than the exorbitant profit they derived from it. They were perpetually brought into collision with the people through their agents, who were invested with power to make domiciliary visits, to seize goods suspected of being smuggled, and to take other measures of an invidious character to enable them to extort the taxes, so that they incurred the execration of the entire population.

The most harassing and arbitrary tax of all was the *gabelle*, and it may well appear inconceivable that, in a populous and civilized country such an impost could be maintained at all. Out of the six districts into which France was divided for the purpose of this tax, it was levied only in four, as one had never been subjected to it, while another had in early times purchased its exemption from it. One of the inevitable consequences of this partial distribution of the tax was that the price of salt varied in different districts to an extraordinary degree, being as much as thirty times as dear in one part of France as in another. It was only natural that the inhabitants where the weight of the impost fell so oppressively should regard their neighbors in the more favored parts with envy, and that they should endeavor to equalize matters by smuggling salt into their districts. Carts and carriages were stopped on the highway and searched by the tax collectors; no private house was safe from a visit from them night or day; and on the slightest suspicion they used the power of arrest that was vested in them. It has been stated that during the first few years of the reign of Louis the Sixteenth, these arrests averaged thirty-seven hundred per annum; that upwards of four thousand adults and sixty-five hundred children were apprehended for smuggling salt alone; but whilst the majority were shortly released and others only fined, three

hundred were condemned to the galleys.¹

Still, the unequal assessment of the tax might have been borne without much heartburning, but for the tyrannical laws under which the people were forced to purchase this commodity. No retail dealing in it was permitted, and government warehouses were established at which the inhabitants were compelled to purchase their stores of salt. These warehouses were numerous in some provinces, and few in others, but, whether sufficient or insufficient for the needs of the population, they were often situated at a considerable distance from the towns and villages, whose inhabitants had to trudge miles along bad roads to buy their salt. But this was not all. It was prescribed by law that the head of every family must lay in his stock of salt, not at such times as might suit his own convenience, but on one stated day in the year. Should he fail in this observance he was fined, and he was also fined if he purchased a smaller quantity than the law prescribed. His hardships did not stop even there. On making this annual purchase, he had to state the different purposes for which he intended to use the salt during the ensuing year, and in the event of his being discovered salting his soup instead of his pork according to his statement, or his pork instead of his soup on the day he had named, he was also liable to a fine. His kitchen was never secure from the intrusion of the inspecting officer, and woe to the housewife who was detected in any petty infraction of this law.

As a matter of course, some of the important towns were exempt from the *gabelle*, as well as influential officials and magistrates in the country, whilst nobles escaped it altogether by receiving donations of salt under the name of *franc-salé*. We may well ask why this law was never abolished or modified? Simply because it returned millions of francs to an empty exchequer. And why was it not imposed on the untaxed

¹ Some writers give a very much larger number.

provinces? Because these provinces had provincial States in which the clerical and noble element preponderated, who would have resisted to the utmost an infringement of their privileges, and whom the government was afraid to offend.

Though not directly a tax, the *corvée* came within the spirit and had the result of taxation, and oppressed the lower orders as much as the *gabelle* itself. The provisions of the *corvée*, too, were as complicated and as varied as those of the salt tax. It may be sufficient to say, for the present purpose, that the rural population had to keep the main roads in repair without being remunerated for their labor. They were forced away from the fields at the time they could least be spared, occasionally having to travel twelve days to reach their allotted work, and they were compelled to repair the main roads, which were useless to them, while the parish roads on which they were dependent for their communications were allowed to go derelict.

These are some examples of the oppressions to which the rural classes in France were subjected until the eve of the Revolution, forming part of a system by which labor was hampered and the agricultural interest impaired. But the position of the artisan in the towns was not much more enviable, as there, too, the blighting influence of obsolete feudal institutions and false ideas of political economy operated to restrict trade, and fetter the energies of the skilled worker. In Continental countries, as well as in England, the control of the different trades had been in the hands of guilds from the earliest period of the Dark Ages. But though in their origin, and in the objects for which they were established, a general resemblance existed between the trade guilds of England and France, in their gradual development, and especially in their later history, that resemblance diminished, until eventually it is no longer discernible. In England the trade guilds formed the basis of municipal institutions, in which, in process of time, they became absorbed; while the enormous

industrial movement of the country, together with the growth of individual enterprise, proved fatal to the preservation of monopolies that were obnoxious to that national sentiment which the Tudor monarchs knew so well how to direct and utilize. Labor was practically free in England from the middle of the sixteenth century. Not so in France. There in the Middle Ages the merchants and artisans, harassed by the rapacity of the feudal lords, banded themselves together in self-defence in corporations, under charters which they purchased from the crown. By this means they were enabled to pursue their avocations with comparative freedom; the wages of the workmen were assured and were paid on a fixed scale. But the guilds which were thus established for the security of trade ultimately came to be turned into close corporations, maintained for the benefit of the masters, whose monopolist privileges were recognized and upheld by the king in consideration of payments to the royal treasury. It might have been expected that, when feudalism received its death-blow from Richelieu, and when the necessity for the corporations had disappeared, the industrial and commercial community in France would have been sufficiently enlightened to appreciate the good policy of removing all oppressive restrictions from the expansion of trade, as was done in England at an earlier period. But it served the selfish purposes of the crown to perpetuate the privileges of the corporations, as they were turned into a valuable source of revenue. Every trade, artistic pursuit, and profession was tied up in the hands of one of these corporations, sanctioned by royal charter, and governed by statutes drawn with a rigorous determination to preserve their privileges and abuses intact, which statutes were administered by a body called the *Jurande*, composed of selected representatives of the corporations themselves.

The corporations consisted of three orders — masters, companions, and apprentices — the masters alone having the right to trade or make any profit.

The statutes of each corporation differed as to the qualification for mastership, but they all concurred, in order to limit competition, on putting every possible difficulty in the way of adding to the number of masters. Some statutes prescribed that only the son could succeed the father in the mastership; others threw the position open to sons-in-law; others again enacted that only natives of the town in which the corporation was established were eligible; others excluded married men; from others women were altogether excluded, even from the trades which they were best suited to carry on—such, for example, as embroidery. As a fee was paid to the crown on the appointment of every master, the king when in pecuniary straits often resorted to the plan of offering patents for sale as a means of raising money, and, to keep rivals out of the field, the existing masters of the corporations affected generally bought the patents and destroyed them, a species of toll which the king levied on them so frequently that it became a heavy burden, and to that extent constituted a further drawback to trade. The companion, who was indentured as an apprentice from his childhood, unless he was exceptionally fortunate, lingered the greater part of his life, or the whole of it, in a subordinate position, without hope of becoming an independent or useful citizen. By dint of perseverance and thrift he might eventually be able to buy a mastership, or perhaps he might succeed to one by marrying the widow or daughter of a master; but such cases were the exceptions. Thus even when the rights of labor ceased to be imperilled by the pretensions of feudalism, and the workmen no longer needed any protection, they were still reduced to a condition almost of slavery, and peace and security were constantly disturbed by the bands of vagrants and criminals, who were driven into evil-doing through the impossibility of obtaining employment, as a result of the commercial tyranny of the corporations.

It is a matter of surprise—but France is the land of surprises—that under such conditions trade flourished. But

the resources of France are as inexhaustible as the activity, energy, and thrift of Frenchmen are prodigious. An abundance of raw products gave ample material for work, and there was much demand for manufactured goods. The extravagant wants of the court, the clergy, and nobility kept the workshops going, and France had to supply all civilized countries with those artistic luxuries in the production of which she has always been unrivalled.

But although the looms of Lyons, and the workshops of Paris and the great cities brought commercial prosperity, agriculture grew hopelessly depressed. Of the then condition of the agricultural classes in France Arthur Young has given us a faithful and terrible account. During the eighteenth century famine had periodically decimated the rural population, and forty million acres had gone out of cultivation. Nevertheless, the number of peasant properties had steadily increased, owing to the sale of their estates by the nobles who flocked to Versailles. One-fourth, certainly one-fifth,¹ of the soil of France had gradually passed into the hands of the peasants, who, however, profited little from the acquisition, as they were ruined by the *taille*. Now what means of redress had the French people, and who were the advocates they had to plead their cause?

FERDINAND ROTHSCHILD.

¹ Lecky's History of England in the Eighteenth Century.

From Longman's Magazine.

A LITTLE DISAPPOINTMENT.

HE was the happiest boy in the works that day. He was not always very happy there, for it was not a happy chance which had thrown him into the place. But, like many others of the present day, young Hedwick Sotherton had found himself, at the age of nineteen, obliged to "do something" without having anything to do. So far he had had the splendid education, mental

and physical, of one of the great English public schools. He had enjoyed the life with the peculiar appropriative, assimilative, absorptive gust of the typical schoolboy. His parents, had they not been in India, would probably have said that he had learned nothing. But he had. He had learned, at any rate, all that his uncle, Sir Hedwick—who was fond of the lad, and made him free of Sotherton Hall as regularly as the holidays came round—thought in the least necessary.

"Jolly nice boy," Sir Hedwick would say with his leisurely, satisfied smile. "Not a bad shot by any means. And humbugs about with the keepers and stable fellows just as a boy ought. Heddy's as much at home here as I am myself."

This went on for five years. Then arose the moot point of Heddy's future.

Unluckily, Heddy had no particular bent, and, truth to tell, no particular brains. Competitive "Exams" were out of the question. Sir Hedwick, with a great roar of laughter, declared that no examiner would be fool enough to pass his nephew into the army or navy; and no partial relation, or friend, had certainly been found fool enough to suggest any other profession. Heddy a lawyer? or a doctor? or a parson? Nobody saw it. In regard to the latter alternative there had, indeed, been a moment's consideration; for, to be sure, a parson need not be such a very learned man; and there was a family living; and it would be nice to have Heddy in and out of the Hall, ready to join in anything, tramp the stubble as of yore, and play his game of billiards with the points his uncle could still give him. But Heddy, to whom the proposal was ultimately made, in a half-hearted fashion, negatived it without hesitation; and Sir Hedwick's brow cleared in response, for, as the worthy baronet averred aside presently, somehow he did not think the boy had the cut of a parson, and he himself would have had it on his conscience if anything had gone wrong with Heddy's sermons. Sir Hedwick was a very orthodox, middle-aged squire, who was

never absent from the family pew on a Sunday morning; and it had seemed to him even when he sounded his nephew on the point—with a view to a preliminary university course—that, in his own phraseology, it would be rather playing it low down on the parishioners of Sotherton to force upon them round-faced Heddy, whom they had known from a baby—and who had a great deal of the baby about him still—as their sole guide and counsellor in matters spiritual.

Finally the difficulty was solved by Heddy's being taken into the works of a great railway company, of which Sir Hedwick was a director, with the prospect of becoming a civil engineer.

The boy's parents approved—as they would have approved anything that took one of their numerous progeny off their hands—and Sir Hedwick was jubilant when the arrangement was complete. He could not imagine how he had not thought of it all along. It would be the very thing for Heddy.

Heddy would have to rough it a bit, but what of that? His nephew was no milksop. On the contrary, he was as hard as nails; could be out all night after poachers, for instance, and turn up at breakfast as fresh in the gills as a sea-trout. As for the men he would have to associate with—well, he did not suppose they would be very choice companions, but Heddy could talk to anybody. He had heard Heddy's tongue wagging for hours on end, when he was sitting behind in the dogcart alongside of Giles or Harry; and whenever the boy had had a day at the rabbits with old John—though John was deaf and stupid—Heddy would be full of John's sayings and his own. As for holidays, Heddy would come to Sotherton as usual, of course. He would not get as long holidays as he had done at Winchester, naturally; but there would, Sir Hedwick supposed, be a month in the summer and a month at Christmas—eh? Oh, not so much as that? Anyhow, he would get what the others got, and he would find his own room always ready at the old place.

Heddy made no demur to anything.

A lodging was taken for him in a small street within easy walk of the works, and he was left there one bright winter day by his old friend the Sotherton butler, who did his best to cheer and encourage the boy.

"I think he'll be very comfortable, Sir Hedwick," Johnson reported subsequently. "Nice clean little house it was. Little bit o' garden; not much, but kep' tidy. And I spoke about his meals bein' reg'lar, and his bein' used to his glass of beer at lunch—likewise at dinner. Didn't seem to think Master Heddy would be in at lunch, but would see he got it of an evenin'."

"And the people seemed decent and respectable, Johnson?" It was Johnson's mistress who now spoke; for Sir Hedwick had taken to himself a wife within the year; and the amiable young lady who now presided over his establishment was, or thought herself, quite as fond of his favorite nephew as he was himself. "The place was clean, I hope," added she, being strict in matters sanitary.

"Very clean, my lady—very nice altogether." And Johnson, who had been treated with deference such as his soul loved, and had partaken of the best the lodgings afforded, spoke up with warmth for his entertainers. After a troublesome railway journey undertaken in midwinter, the plain little domicile in the small, straight street, which chanced to be flooded with sunshine at the moment, had looked tempting enough; while it had been quite luxurious to find a brisk fire and a neat little meal laid out in a cosy parlor, and to be invited to smoke in an easy-chair, by Mrs. Bodkin's own hearth, thereafter. He had had all he required during the hour and a half spent at the lodgings, over and above the delightful sense of doing his duty by his master's family. He had had a pleasant jaunt altogether, and his sleek, rubicund countenance honestly expressed the serenity within his breast.

"And the boy, Johnson? Master Heddy—eh? Did he—hum—ha—seem pretty fair—pretty jolly—eh? Of course he knows it can't be all jam

—he must look the thing in the face. I dare say it will be a bit of a grind at first—long hours, eh? and that sort of thing? But I—I hope he—ah—was pretty cheerful—made the best of a bad job? Hang it all, he didn't *break down*, did he, Johnson? Poor little chap! Somehow I hate to think of him all alone there in his beastly little lodging, eating his meals by himself," and Sir Hedwick turned away abruptly, and looked out of the window.

Johnson's reply, however, was reassuring.

"Oh, I think you need not be afraid, Sir Hedwick. I think Master Heddy will do very well, and be very comfortable. Oh, no, he didn't break down—not at all. He come with me to the station, and says he, 'My love to them all, Johnson, and tell them I'm all right;' and I see him go off to the bookstall, and buy a paper, as cool as if he had been in the place all his life. The hamper travelled very well, my lady." The speaker turned round as he was about to quit the room. "Me and Mrs. Bodkin, the landlady, opened it, and took out the contents. I suppose we shall send another hamper by and by, my lady?" Hampers had been despatched regularly to Winchester during Heddy's sojourn there."

"Certainly," replied Lady Sotherton amiably. And then she remembered something else she had to say to Sir Hedwick; and when any recollection of the young kinsman who had been thus launched on the sea of life floated across her brain from time to time, it was as of a light-hearted boy who had been started afresh at school, and whose new career had begun under very favorable auspices. Had she but known!

Do not, however, let me be misunderstood. It is, I am well aware, impossible for any youth resolved upon becoming a practical engineer to obtain the requisite knowledge and experience without passing through the ordeal of apprenticeship. To a boy who has chosen his own line in life, whose heart is in his work, whose mind is set on learning his business, and whose intention it is to learn from every source and

through every channel, there is no hardship, comparatively speaking, in the usual five years thus spent. The drudgery, if drudgery it be, is congenial. Even the severance of social ties which for the time being is almost inevitable—considering the hours necessarily kept, and the strain made upon youthful energies—carries with it but little sense of loss to the enthusiastic apprentice, whose eyes are ever fixed upon the goal set before them by ambition and resolution.

Even the occasional dark days which fall to the lot of all are helped through by the force of the will; and courage, when it fails, as fail it must now and again, comes back to the vigorous and hopeful aspirant.

But poor young Heddy Sotherton knew nothing of such enthusiasm, and had but a dim idea of success. Was it likely he should succeed? He had never done anything at school. He had got his "removes" all right, it is true; but so had all, or nearly all, his contemporaries. He had scraped along; but no one had ever pretended that he had worked, or that, if he had worked, he would have brought any credit on his name thereby.

Sir Hedwick had always called him a lazy little beggar, and looked quite pleased and affectionate, and as if lazy little beggars were the natural product of the Sotherton family, as he did so.

This had made Heddy's school life pleasant enough, but what about his new career?

He cared nothing about engineering, further than that it was more agreeable to him, as it always had been, to work with his hands than with his head, and he had a vague notion that headwork would not be required at the works. He had been great in casting bullets at the gun-room fire at Sotherton, and tinkering about with a hammer and tools had been rather a favorite amusement. When Sir Hedwick had first proposed that he should go to acquire the rudiments of practical engineering in a railway shed, and had assured him that he really should be fulfilling his duty as a young man who had his way

to make, by flattening iron and driving in rivets, Heddy had jumped at the notion. Yes, he could do that sort of thing—rather. He would like it jolly well. He would not mind the fellows he would have to consort with—not he.

As to the hours, the getting up at five in the morning and being at his place by six—well, it would be rather "a sweat;" but he had often got up, when Giles called him to go on his night rounds, even earlier than that; and he supposed he should get used to it.

Anyhow, it would be better to work in a great open-air place with roaring furnaces, and plenty of coming and going and movement, than to be tethered to a high desk in a bank, or to a clerk's stool in chambers. He would like jolly well to be a civil engineer, and hoped his uncle would manage to get him into the works of the special railway company with whom Sir Hedwick had influence.

And now Heddy had been eight months in the works.

They had been eight such months as his poor boyish, simple heart could never have previously imagined it possible to live through. He may be said to have been warned. But what did his uncle's warning amount to?

"It will be a bit rough on you at first, Heddy, you know. I am afraid you will feel just a bit strange and lonely, and all that; fellows do, you know." Sir Hedwick had patted his nephew kindly on the shoulder, and looked somewhat wistfully into his eyes. "It won't be quite like Sotherton, where everybody calls you by your name. But you will soon get over the first brush of it. You will pick up friends. There must be lots of youngsters knocking about, beginning life as you are doing, and learning to stand on their own feet as you are learning; and you will soon run up against each other. I dare say some of your Winchester fellows—eh, what d'ye say? You know some who are? Of course you do—lots. They'll put you up to the ropes. And no doubt you'll get invited to their houses for

Saturdays and Sundays. It is a nuisance that we are too far off for you to come to us; and if I could think of anybody near you—but I don't know a soul. There's Lord Highburgh, but —”

“Oh, no! I say, don't,” Heddy had blurted out, terrified at the idea of being thrust upon the notice of a formidable circle, of whom even Sir Hedwick himself was somewhat in awe. “Don't, for goodness' sake, say anything to one of them. I should be frightened to death. I should simply hate it.”

“So should I, Heddy, and that's flat. If there is a place on earth I detest visiting, it is Highburgh's,” his uncle had rejoined placably. “I only thought you might find it handy,” he had mused after a reflective pause.

“Find it handy! Find the magnificent county seat of one of the largest landed proprietors in England ‘handy’!”

The phrase gave Heddy Sotherton more than one bitter laugh during the long, slowly dragging months which followed, when every other kind of laughter seemed as though it had fled from him forevermore; when hope and joy and happiness turned their backs and jeered at his misery; when no one came near him, no one sought him, no one wanted him; when night succeeded day and day gave place to night with sickening monotony; when the past—the free, merry-hearted past—seemed buried in its own grave; when even the present was but a dull dream; and when the careless kind word of a stranger would cause the involuntary start of anguish, as though a finger had been laid at random upon a throbbing nerve.

If Heddy had felt a boyish shyness of his uncle's friends while beneath his uncle's roof, what a yawning gulf was it which now intervened betwixt him and them!

He had begun by being sociable at the works. As Sir Hedwick said, his nephew could talk to anybody, and there had been no greater favorite at Sotherton than the Winchester school-

boy. But the men at the works were different. They did not care to talk about their business; they wanted to discuss other topics—topics of no interest to a lad of nineteen; especially when looked at from the working man's point of view. Of country life they knew nothing.

Then the superior young men—those who considered themselves superior—tried in their own way to “pal up” to Heddy, to draw him into their society, make him a member of their club, and imbue him with their notions, feelings, and prejudices.

It did not do. Of the two, Heddy preferred the workmen, from whom he could occasionally get a glimpse of homely scenes which in a vague way consoled his aching loneliness of spirit; but after he left the railway-shed at night, until he returned thither the following morning, often he spoke to nobody at all. He ate his supper; then he read—he who had seldom before cared to open a book!—then he went to bed. On two nights in the week he attended the drawing classes.

It was this utter absence of intercourse with his kind, this lack of sympathy, this silence, only broken by voices belonging to a different world—voices which had no right to interrogate, or reproach, or exhort—who were not *home* voices, and could never penetrate beneath the surface; it was, in short, the fixed solitariness of Heddy Sotherton's new existence which stamped it as well-nigh intolerable.

Had he had anything to look forward to, or hope for at the end of each week, all the rest might have been endured. Even the five or six lonely evenings might have been got through somehow, brightened by the light from beyond; but Saturday afternoon, which to all besides brought an ever-recurring release from toil, and a renewal of domestic intercourse or pleasure in some form, brought to this poor boy only a deeper heaviness of spirit. He had nowhere to go—nothing to do.

He was not exactly poor. Sir Hedwick had made him a sufficient allowance—but he did not know how to

spend it. He had never been anywhere alone, and the idea of setting forth with his portmanteau and his hatbox on an expedition of his own planning had for him no attraction.

He fancied he should do odd things, and that people would look at him. Heddy had always been rather particularly sensitive on the subject of being looked at. Youth is the period of self-consciousness; and the knowledge of what his life had come to be, and the innate writhing with which he shrank from letting any one else into the secret of it, not only made him fear to face any fashionable resort, but wince at the thought of intruding upon his old companions. Of course the boy was foolish—but could he help that? It seemed to him as though the intensity of his loathing of his present surroundings, and the passion of his longing to escape from them and be once more the Heddy Sotherton of former days, would have made it almost an impertinence to call in an easy fashion upon happier mortals.

However, once he did call. With an effort he called upon a former schoolfellow, who had been popped into his father's counting-house, and whom Sir Hedwick had enjoined his nephew not to "drop."

"May be useful to you, Heddy. I dare say his father has a nice house, and they will ask you to it, and take you somewhere on a Saturday night. Mind you look up Brown, and—ah!—Heddy—even though you didn't care particularly about him at Winchester, *make as much as you can of it, d'ye see?*" concluded the astute counsellor, with a huge nudge in Heddy's ribs, and a sense of imparting a profound and almost wicked amount of worldly wisdom.

Brown was out when his old schoolfellow rang the bell—gone to the country from the Saturday to the Monday. Heddy left his name, and said he would call again, and the portly functionary who bowed him out forgot to mention the circumstance; so that it really was not Charlie Brown's fault that nothing was heard from him in response.

Indeed, it may just be mentioned that the young man would have been glad enough to be civil to Sir Hedwick Sotherton's nephew, on the chance of agreeable results accruing to himself; but as Heddy had promised to look him up, and as Heddy, to the best of his knowledge, had never done so, he concluded that his former schoolfellow, who had held himself rather high in old days, had quietly dropped an acquaintanceship he had never cared about.

It might have been supposed that living, as Heddy Sotherton now did, in a suburb of the metropolis, he could hardly have been at a loss for some one with whom to pass a free afternoon; but although he mentally reviewed in succession the youths he knew, or had once known on terms more or less intimate, he could not in his hour of need bethink him of one with whom he could be—himself. That need of being himself, of being able to speak, move, laugh, talk as he had been wont, was the sorest experienced by his aching heart. And the further back in his life was set the picture of his boyish self as he had erewhile been, the more remote seemed the prospect of his ever being the same again.

At long intervals he did indeed accept a friendly invitation. His old comrades were not wholly forgetful; but they found Heddy changed, and some of them fancied him sullen. They thought he did not like their people, nor their various modes of life. Perhaps he did not—altogether. Still, he would have been thankful, only too thankful, to have gone and gone again, had he been welcome.

Welcome, however, is rarely afforded to the unresponsive face.

Heddy could not all at once shake off the drawn look of sombre reserve which had gradually settled down over his brow, nor readily accommodate the almost invariable seriousness of his mood to mirth.

If he had been at Sotherton, where his uncle would have begun the day by hauling him from his bed amid shouts of boisterous raillery and remonstrance, and ended it by sitting on the same

little couch, talking on and on into the small hours, life would soon have begun again to seem the easy, happy thing it once was; but at the houses to which he went at long intervals he was treated with ceremony and chilled by politeness. His own reserve was never allowed to thaw.

At Easter, when there was the usual three days' holiday at the works, Heddy at first had had great hopes of Sotherton; but his uncle had written, making other arrangements for him. An event was expected at the old place; and though he was awfully sorry to say so, Sir Hedwick wrote, Heddy was to go to the house of a cousin, where he would have a good time among a set of nice young people.

The thought of being with a set of nice young people had been consoling to the lonely boy; and then it had turned out that Sir Hedwick, never very accurate, had mentally transformed a pack of noisy children into companions and associates for his nineteen-year-old nephew!

The Easter visit had been a failure, but Heddy never told his uncle so. He had made up his mind that, come what might, no syllable of complaint should cross his lips. It was clear to him that he was a difficulty, a stumbling-block in his parents' life; and that with their small means and their many children they must be only too thankful to accept the aid of the elder brother both for Heddy, and for the younger boys who were to be sent home to be educated the following year.

Sir Hedwick had avowed his intentions of doing his part towards them, as he had done towards Heddy—in proportion. They would be sent to less expensive schools; but they would be looked after, and the bills would be paid. Heddy, however, perfectly understood that he must be cleared out of the way before these younger ones came on. His uncle could not undertake to support the whole family; and since Sir Hedwick's marriage there was of course no relying upon the boys having the run of Sotherton, as Heddy had had during the bachelor *régime*. The boys

must have a fair chance; and the more Heddy pondered and pondered over the matter, the more fully persuaded did he become in his own mind that, unless he wished to damage his young brothers' chances, he must hold his tongue about himself. Warm-hearted as Sir Hedwick was, he would naturally feel annoyance and a sense of irritation and failure if bluntly told that the arrangement he had considered such an excellent opening for his eldest nephew was become in that nephew's mind a nightmare of horror.

Sometimes, it is true, Heddy thought he would let slip something, some chance word which should put Sir Hedwick upon the right track, as by accident. If alone with his uncle he could do so, he thought; if they were talking together in their old rambling, familiar way—Sir Hedwick gripping him by the arm, and occasionally shaking his elbow to enforce a point—he fancied he might be able to lift the curtain for a moment.

Little did he guess that one sight of his own poor, pinched, wan young face would have been all the revelation any one needed.

"You do look as if you needed your holiday," the worthy Mrs. Bodkin would observe now and again, as the dusty, burning days of June and July went by, and still there was no change in Heddy's daily routine. "When be you thinking of taking your holiday now?" inquired she, with friendly familiarity and genuine interest.

"Not yet, Mrs. Bodkin, thank you. I don't quite know; I have not been told yet." And the boy's lip would almost imperceptibly quiver as he made what he considered a cheery reply, wishing he had not to make it so often, and that Mrs. Bodkin in her affectionate zeal would not look at him with a sigh as she turned away.

It almost came upon him as a shock when at last—at last!—he was sent for, one fresh, dewy morning in September, when the larks were rising in the blue sky, and the flower borders even in the tiny gardens around, were gay, and sprawling luxuriantly in au-

tumnal fashion — it came upon the young apprentice, we say, with something of a shock to be sent for to the manager's room, and informed that his turn had come, and that his fortnight's holiday would begin on the following Saturday, that day being Monday.

Heddy never knew how he got through the intervening time betwixt the moment when the solemn announcement was made, and that which found him back at his post at the other end of the place. His head seemed to go round as he left the manager's room, and he answered at random when spoken to, and used his tools mechanically for some hours thereafter.

But he was happy — oh, so happy ! It was on this day that he was the happiest boy in the works, as was said above. In his pocket there lay a long, kind letter which had come that very morning from Sotherton, wherein his uncle had complained of the length of time Heddy had had to wait for his holiday, but had supposed it was all right, because, of course, Heddy must take his turn with the rest ; and, being a youngster, doubtless his claims would be shoved aside to the last. He did hope, however, that Heddy would get down to Sotherton for the partridges. Not a field had yet been shot, because the season was late ; but the corn was being carried the very day the letter was written, and they would have the stubble to tramp over immediately.

Heddy had put the document in his pocket with a quickened sense of his own wretchedness ; but at the first opportunity which presented itself, after the turn Fortune's wheel had taken for him, he drew it forth and devoured every word.

He was to go ; and something within his breast whispered that if he went he should never return.

He could not rid himself of the conviction. It might prove to be founded on sand, but still it was there ; and it made him, as we have said, very happy. Had he gone on being where he was for years, probably no syllable would have escaped to betray his condition ; but once face to face with Sir Hedwick,

instinct whispered that, try as he might, he would simply be unable to hold his tongue.

"Mrs. Bodkin, I am off for my holiday on Saturday."

He could have wished there were a dozen Mrs. Bodkins to be told the same thing. He told Mr. Bodkin, going out into the little garden on purpose. He told Mrs. Bodkin's cat, stroking pussy's grey coat, and whispering the news in her ear ; and it is pitiful to record that he had absolutely no one else to tell.

But Heddy had grown used to that. What he had not grown used to was the turning over of his possessions, and the joyful examination of coats and waistcoats, which was felt to be necessary, with a view to their usefulness as articles of apparel.

At this point a slight cloud arose on the horizon : he had grown an inch, and certain garments were too short for him. This mattered not at all by day, knickerbockers and rough stockings made all right in that respect, but could he present himself in Lady Sotherton's drawing-room at dinner time showing his ankles ? This was a grave consideration, and a visit to the tailor was resolved upon, to be undertaken after hours on the following evening.

The tailor was reassuring, and could put the young gentleman straight in no time. Heddy informed him easily that he was going away, and could not go to a country house with his dress suit in such a condition. He did not add that the dress suit had been lying by unworn during eight months ; but the tailor guessed as much.

Then the young gentleman made a few purchases, and returned home radiant. Already he was looking upon every circumstance and surrounding with a new eye. Perhaps he was looking for the last time. At any rate he was going "home ;" he was recalled from his bitter, bankrupt exile ; he had endured without an audible groan the solitude, the chain — and now !

Saturday was a great day at Sotherton. The stubble was to be shot for the first time, and Sir Hedwick had

assembled the right sort of party, and was confident of good sport.

The morning broke with an absolutely cloudless sky overhead, and a world of glittering dew and frosty cobwebs beneath.

"Jove! what a day we shall have!" cried the jolly host at breakfast time. "What a day for Heddy to have been with us! But he will be with us to-morrow, anyway."

At noon it was, "By Jove! what sport! How Heddy would have enjoyed such sport! I wish the boy had been with us! But, anyway, he will be with us to-morrow."

The other guns took quite an interest in Heddy by this time. They saw that Sir Hedwick loved the boy, and that the very keepers were looking forward to his arrival.

"He has had a rough time of it, I expect," confided Heddy's uncle aside, to his nearest neighbor, setting down the cup out of which he had quaffed a long, deep draught. "We started him at Christmas, and he has stuck to his guns like a man. Never had a day off. Jolly good pluck the boy has. And if he tells me now that he does not like the life—now that he has given it a fair trial—I'll listen to what he says. I'll take him away, if it's no good. He did not come mewing to me at the end of a week, or a month—not he. Not one word has he said all this time. So now, I am quite prepared to stand by him, whatever he decides upon." Then, pulling out his tobacco pouch, "Somehow," murmured Sir Hedwick thoughtfully, "I can't help thinking Heddy must have had rather a bad time."

By and by it was, "What train was the dogcart to meet, Jenkyns? You know."

"Ordered for six o'clock, Sir Hedwick. Train gets in at 6.30."

"You are sure it has been ordered?"

"Quite sure, Sir Hedwick. Heard the order delivered before we started."

"He'll be off by this time, then," rejoined Sir Hedwick cheerfully. "He leaves King's Cross at two, sharp. Won't the poor old chap feel lively, eh,

Bertram?" addressing a good-natured ear at hand. "I know what I used to feel on break-up days. Lord! what days those were! The maids knew about his room, didn't they, Jenkyns?"

Sir Hedwick had himself given orders about the room; but he had a trick of appealing to Jenkyns, and Jenkyns never misunderstood the appeal. He gravely assured Sir Hedwick he had heard Mrs. Bunch talking about Master Heddy's room, as he passed through the house.

At length the long, bright day began to wane. It was rather soon to leave off shooting, some of the sportsmen thought, when between five and six o'clock their host took out his watch; but they said nothing, only looked at one another when the time was announced, and the return march begun. They saw that Sir Hedwick had something else on his mind.

"Heddy not arrived!" he exclaimed eagerly, as the party turned in at the entrance porch, and were met by Lady Sotherton, smiling a welcome. "Heddy not here yet? Oh, well, the train's late, I suppose. He'll turn up presently. He—oh, you want me, do you? One moment," to his guests, "they will bring you what you want, but Lady Sotherton wants me for a moment. Well, my dear," having followed his wife into a side room. "What is it? Nothing the matter, eh? Baby all right, I suppose?"

"Oh, dear, yes; quite right, little darling. Nurse has her out on the terrace. I have just left them. Oh, it is nothing—nothing at all—only I thought I would tell you what I had done, though I am afraid it will be a little disappointment to you and to Heddy. But really I felt it was my duty. You know, Hedwick, the papers do give such *dreadful* accounts; and scarlet fever is such a *dreadful* thing—"

Sir Hedwick stopped short as though struck by a bolt.

"Scarlet fever!" he exclaimed. "What—what do you mean? Has Heddy—" the next words stuck in his throat.

"Oh no; oh, I am so sorry I alarmed you;" the young wife patted her husband's shoulder with instant compunction. "There is really nothing to be alarmed about. Only, you know, I felt that with darling baby so young, and at such a very susceptible age, we really ought to be careful; so I—I—" in spite of herself she experienced a slight nervousness as she proceeded, "I telegraphed to Heddy to put him off for a few days—at least, for a little while—just till this terrible epidemic in London has abated—"

"You did *what*?" shouted Sir Hedwick, dropping the butt-end of his gun with a bang on the floor. "Put him off! Put off Heddy for that—that *rot*! Good Heavens, what—"

"It was no '*rot*,'" responded Lady Sotherton somewhat stiffly. "It was all in the paper this morning. And, indeed, I have been reading about it, and trembling, every day, for some time past. But I did not like to disturb you; and I knew you would not believe it; men never do. But I asked Dr. Jones," eagerly, "and *he* said—"

"Said anything you told him, the old fool!" exclaimed her husband. "And you put poor Heddy off—and he's been looking forward to it—and I too—"

"Only for a little while; he can come next week, I am sure, or—very soon after. He is too good a boy to *mind* a little disappointment."

Sir Hedwick looked the speaker in the face.

"Gad, madam," he said slowly, "I hope neither you nor I may ever know the meaning of such a little disappointment."

Then he turned his back upon her and walked away to his own room.

"I am so glad I did it before he knew," was Lady Sotherton's self-congratulation, perceiving how her patience and foresight had met with its fitting reward.

At dinner Sir Hedwick, scarcely spoke.

The next day was Sunday. By Sunday morning he had partially recovered. He had made it up with his wife, and he had thought of a plan for Heddy.

"It is a nuisance there being no post on Sundays," he observed to his principal guest and ally, "but I will send that poor nephew of mine a cheque to-morrow, to take him off somewhere to get disinfected—as her ladyship is in a fuss about it—and we'll have him here by the end of the week. I shall write to the manager of the works, too, and get his leave extended, as a personal favor. I can put it all straight, but still I wish it had not happened. The whole thing's arrant rubbish. Women are regularly crazed when their babies are concerned."

Monday morning broke, and, busy as he was, Sir Hedwick did not forget to send the cheque and the few words of regret, affection, and encouragement which would have been all Heddy wanted, had they not been—too late.

"I declare I just can't bear to look at him," whimpered Mrs. Bodkin, with her apron at her eyes, on the same Monday morning. "To see him sitting there, a-touchin' nothing, and as though he was turned to stone in the chair where he sits. And I do believe, Bodkin, I heard him sobbin' in the night. Sure as death I did, for I sat up and listened. And his eyes is all red and swelled. And when he tries to smile at me, and say it ain't for long—oh, Lord! oh, Lord!" and the kindly soul melted into tears herself.

Bodkin shook his head in sympathy.

"It's a cruel shame," he said, and being a silent man, had no more to say.

"And all them things of his packed and ready, and he can't abear to take them out!" proceeded she, wiping her eyes. "Them beautiful portmanteaux that haven't never been taken out but the once since he came to the house; and so pleased and happy was he a-packin' of them, and callin' for his shirts, and showin' me where everythin' was to go. Poor lad! poor lad! Says he this mornin' 'It ain't no use going to the works;' for he has got his holiday for this time, and they won't change it for no other; and he don't care to move, for he hasn't thought of nowhere else to go; and so he just sits and sits. It's

my belief he'll be took bad if he goes on as he is doing."

"He went out yesterday, didn't he?"

"To that young Morris—yes. Well, he couldn't help himself. Morris, he came. I don't think nothing of Morris, but he meant it kindly, and I don't think, Bodkin, that the poor lamb had the strength to resist. So he just went with him—but lor! what good did it do? A nasty little house pack full of children, and nothin' nice. He came back soon enough. And I think he's looked worse than before. Well," with a long sigh, "I'll go in and see if I can rouse him. But drat them grand relations that can treat a poor lone lad like that!" concluded the worthy dame, indignation coming to the rescue as she faced the ordeal before her.

"No, thank you, Mrs. Bodkin," said Heddy's voice the minute after. "I really don't want anything. I'll go out—presently. I feel rather sleepy this morning. Last night, somehow, I did not sleep much. I have been a little put out in my arrangements, you see."

"And it's been a disappointment I'm sure," cried the good landlady sympathetically. "Lor, sir, we've all our disappointments. Now just you cheer up, and —"

"Oh, yes; it is nothing. A little—disappointment. I——" and suddenly the room swam round before his eyes, a roar of thunder sounded in his ears, and the floor struck him a sharp blow on the temple. He knew no more.

All that money and skill could do was bestowed on Heddy Sotherton now. Not all Lady Sotherton's entreaties could hinder Sir Hedwick from setting off then and there to the sick-bed of the poor neglected boy; and not all Mrs. Bodkin's well-meant volubility could prevent his brushing her from his path on her own doorstep, and flinging himself straight into the sick-chamber.

He had been informed that his nephew was suffering from a sudden failure of the heart's action, the result, probably, of some shock to the system supervening upon a period of low health.

The apothecary who despatched the

message considered that he had stated the case creditably.

But one look at Heddy's face made Sir Hedwick throw up his arms, and fall down across the bed.

Heddy opened his eyes, and the light of consciousness lit them up, as they beheld the prostrate form.

"Uncle Hedwick?" he murmured, reaching out a thin hand. Then followed a pause, and a few short, quick breaths. "I am at Sotherton—at last!" he cried, and the longing of his soul satisfied, the spirit released itself with a smile.

But at Sotherton no one ever mentions Heddy's name. Everything with which his memory is associated has been carefully removed out of sight. And those who know are careful to warn strangers never to allude to any subject which can bring up before Sir Hedwick the image of the poor boy whose heart broke because he had "a little disappointment."

L. B. WALFORD.

From The Nineteenth Century.
THREE WEEKS IN SAMOA.

II.

NATIVES AND MISSIONARIES.

THE Samoans among their many merits do not number industry; and, indeed, it is difficult to see why they should exert themselves to work hard when nature has placed all the food and clothing which they need ready to their hands. Bread-fruit trees, taros, yams, and bananas repay the minimum of trouble expended on their cultivation, fish abound in the lagoons and pigeons in the woods, while pigs are easily reared near the houses. As far as I could ascertain, one day in the week spent in working the plantations, and another in fishing, would nearly, if not quite, provide the food of the family. As to clothing, the women have hitherto manufactured the tapa already mentioned, and a garland of flowers round the neck, with a girdle of the long red and brown ti-leaves hanging gracefully above the tapa lava-lava, formed a costume which

left nothing to be desired. The men were neatly tattooed from waist to knee in a close pattern, so that they almost appeared to be wearing tight black breeches. Both sexes rub themselves with cocoanut oil, and often have their names tattooed on their arms, but they do not, like the Maoris, disfigure their faces with tattoo marks. They are very clean people, constantly bathing and changing their clothes, while they cover their heads with lime, both to cleanse the hair and to produce the light-reddish shade which is fashionable amongst them.

Unfortunately, whatever be the blessings of civilization, it certainly introduces new wants in its train, and the women in and near Apia have adopted long, straight, cotton gowns, something like round pinafores, edged with little flounces, while the men indulge in white cotton jackets and lava-lavas. Money, too, has displaced mats as a medium of exchange, and all imported and manufactured goods are exceedingly dear. When, therefore, Samoans and half-castes associate with foreigners and partially assume their habits, they begin to feel the need of money; this must especially be the case with those who have sold land to the whites, and it will be a good thing if they can find something to raise and sell which will not entail upon them work too hard and too repugnant to their nature. At present they grow small quantities of copra and sell it to the traders, but they would not dream of undertaking the hard work required from laborers on the plantations of the German firm, who are therefore imported from New Ireland, the New Hebrides, and other islands. The firm claims no less than one hundred and thirty-five thousand acres in various lots, but a considerable portion of this claim is disputed.

We visited the plantation under the management of Captain Hufnagel, where the manufacture of copra is carried to great perfection. Copra, as is well known, is the nutty part of the cocoanut, dried and exported for the sake of the oil obtainable from it. The nut is cut out by hand in a series of

semicircular slices; these are placed upon trays and put into a large oven or kiln; hot air is driven in below the trays, and passes out above them, drying the copra in its passage. That dried in the sun is not so good, and fetches an inferior price. The finest copra is sliced and dried with its shell on, which is, of course, a longer process, so most of it is scooped out and the shells are used for fuel. The mass of fibrous substance embedded between the shell and the outer husk is converted into small strings, called cinnet, and exported for manufacture into cocoanut matting.

About two hundred islanders are employed on this plantation, who are under contract to work for three years, and are stated to earn from two to five dollars a month. They are strong men and youths, approaching the negro woolly-haired type, and not nearly so fair or good-looking as Samoans.

We noticed one Topsy-like little girl, who ran freely in and out of Herr Hufnagel's house. He told us that the mother was a New Ireland woman, and that, as the father belonged to another island, she could not take the child home with her, lest her people should kill it. She was therefore prepared herself to make away with it, had not Herr Hufnagel adopted it. He certainly appears to treat his boys with every consideration; and though rumors of the ill-treatment of imported laborers on some German plantations are not wanting, it behoves the passing traveller to receive all such statements with caution.

British subjects cannot at present import colored labor into Samoa, for the laws of the Pacific Commission forbid them as English to ship men from the other islands, and as residents in a foreign country they cannot bring in Indian coolies. They are thus heavily handicapped in developing any property which they may acquire, and hope that the renewed attempt of the Queensland government, if successful, may prove to the home authorities that the engagement and transport of islanders can be permitted, under proper regulations,

without detriment to the native and with advantage to British enterprise.

Herr Hufnagel is great in botanical experiment, and has a pretty garden, where in addition to the usual brilliant flora of the island, such as the hibiscus, the allamanda, the oleander, and the creeping hoyas, with its waxy white flowers, he tries to cultivate shrubs and plants of various descriptions. Roses do not succeed in Samoa; they dwindle down till they look almost like double daisies. Grapes can be grown, but wine is not made.

Samoaans care no more for pastoral than for agricultural pursuits; either from mismanagement or because soil and climate are unsuitable, no sheep, and but few cows and oxen, are reared on the island. Horses are neither numerous nor in very good condition, though as roads are multiplied they may be expected to become more plentiful. The real joys of the Samoan are dancing, singing, and making expeditions, called malangas, from village to village in boats or canoes. Men, women, and children set out together to visit their acquaintance in other parts of the islands, and are received with unbounded hospitality. As they row through the tranquil lagoon one of the party begins a song, and all join in chorus, either recounting some tale of bygone love or war, or improvising a greeting to the stranger or a metrical comment on the topics of the day. Nothing is more reposeful than the mingled voices, to which the rowers keep time with their paddles or their oars, nor can anything be more cheerful than the aspect of the laden boats, whose occupants seem never to have known, or to have utterly forgotten, care.

Among our pleasantest malangas was one which we made to Lufi-lufi, the abode of Tamasese, son of the temporary monarch remembered as "the German King."

In order to catch the tide on landing we had to leave Apia at 4 A.M. Before sunrise and after sunset are, perhaps, the pleasantest times on the water in the tropics, though the loveli-

est hour is soon after the sun has risen, as the colors of the tranquil sea within the coral barriers are then most vivid. We arrived at Lufi-lufi before we were expected, and the high chief was then absent from his house, so we were welcomed by his handsome wife, Vaitai, whose costume, besides her lava-lava, consisted of a long bib falling to the waist before and behind, with a hole in the middle to admit the head. It was made of a number of colored pocket-handkerchiefs not yet cut apart, and apparently stamped with portraits of prize-fighters. Tamasese himself soon entered; he is a very fine young man, usually attired only in a white lava-lava, and when he and his wife seated themselves side by side they recalled the pre-conventional statues of ancient Egyptian heroes and their wives. Tamasese is a supporter of Malietoa, and, like him, a follower of the London missionaries. Many consider him destined to play a part—let us trust a peaceful one—in the evolution of Samoan political history.

We were further introduced to his mother, to the taupau, or village maiden, and to a young cousin or adopted daughter; and later on we made the acquaintance of two other charming young ladies, who seemed to belong to the family, though we failed to grasp the exact relationship.

Kindred, like property, is subject to no stringent rule in Samoa. Communism is here carried to its utmost extent: the property of the individual is the property of his tribe, with the natural result, as is universally acknowledged, that the industrious work for the benefit of the lazy. As to children, they are adopted and given away in the most casual manner, and if it is desired for any reason—as, for example, in land-claims—to ascertain the parentage of an individual, an investigation is generally necessary to find out, not only his nominal, but his real father. No one ever knows the age of a child, though occasionally a mother may be able to tell you that her boy or girl was born before or after a certain war. The date of any event before the advent of

the whites, recorded by tradition, is an absolutely unknown quantity.

Later in the day Tamasese gave us a genuinely native entertainment, where-with we were much amused. On re-entering his house we were crowned and garlanded with flowers, a kind of purple everlasting lilies and single gardenias. The gentlemen seated themselves on the ground, the ladies on boat-cushions with a canteen to lean against, and then a feast of fish, pigeons, pig, taros, and palusami was spread on banana-leaves in front of us. Naturally fingers took the place of knives and forks, nor did our young friends Lavitiiti and Sailau hesitate to carve and give us portions of food with the same implements. Palusami is a particularly delicious preparation, made of the leaf of the taro cooked in salt water. Coconut milk was the beverage provided, but Tamasese and Vaitai were quite ready to share some beer which Mr. Haggard had brought with him. Food is cooked in an oven, which is a hole made in the ground. In the hole are placed stones, with plenty of wood above and below them. The wood is set on fire and allowed to burn till entirely consumed, by which time the stones are very hot. The ashes are cleared off, and the food, previously prepared and wrapped in banana-leaves, is then cooked on the stones.

The feast was followed by a siva, or native dance. The taupau of a neighboring village, specially enlisted as a first-rate dancer, with four girl companions, formed the ballet. The taupau wore a marvellous headdress, resembling that of the youth who mixed the kava at Malie. Round her forehead was a band of small pieces of nautilus shell, above towered an erect wig of human hair which had been bleached for months in a marsh, little looking-glasses were placed in front, and the whole was surmounted with a trail of red humming-birds' feathers. The effect was something between that of a mitre and of a Persian king's crown, but part of the structure fell off during the exertions which ensued. Behind the girls sat three or four men, one of

whom contributed the musical accompaniment by beating on some bottles wrapped up in cloth; the others assisted in the chorus-singing, but their part was a very subordinate one. The performance of the five girls in front, who were at first seated on the ground, was exceedingly amusing. It consisted of a series of songs, mostly "topical," with a great deal of action. The taupau generally started with a solo, and the others presently joined in, swaying their arms and bodies backwards and forwards, touching each other's shoulders and moving their hands and fingers with peculiar grace. Amongst other things, they related how two ladies connected with the London Missionary Society were about to start a girls' boarding-school, and how it was desirable to send one of their number to see what it was like before committing themselves as pupils. When tired of sitting down, two or three of them jumped up and began to act with immense spirit, great contortion of face, and an enjoyment so keen that it could not fail to communicate itself to the onlookers. One series of gesticulations was supposed to represent "German fashion;" the imitation of walk and countenance was hardly complimentary to the supporters of the late Tamasese, but this may have been unintentional. Again, one girl was a wild animal, and her companion shot her; then we had a representation of boxing and another of cricket. Samoans are inordinately fond of cricket; they would play a hundred a side, and spend days over matches, till these became an excuse for political gatherings, and were at length forbidden by government. Though they appreciate a good ball, their bats are mere clubs slightly curved.

The final dance or play with which we were favored was given "by request," and was called the Devil and the Sick Baby. The baby, represented by a bundle of leaves, was nursed and lamented over by the mother, while the demon, making fearful faces, danced round and threatened to carry it away. His malicious attempts were happily frustrated, and all ended well. We

were informed that the siva, like most theatrical performances, would have been much more effective at night; my daughter and I had, however, promised to adjourn to the mission-station, where we were to sleep, and were fully satisfied with the kind efforts made by the taupau and her friends on our behalf.

The taupau, or village maiden, is a peculiar Samoan institution. She is chosen by the old women of the village for her well-developed beauty, and is confided to a guard of matrons, while a warrior sleeps across her door to protect her. She retains this position till she marries or in any other way forfeits her vestal privileges. During her tenure of office she represents the grace and hospitality of the clan. It falls to her lot to receive strangers in the *falatele*, or guest-house, to lead the *sivas*, and to make the *kava*. She is generally given in marriage to the chief of another tribe, who seeks her both for her personal attractions and for her dowry of fine mats, and to those splendid mothers may be attributed the physical superiority of the Samoan chiefs to their vassals.

Sometimes, despite all precautions, a chief contrives to carry off a taupau without the usual contract and ceremony. This is considered a spirited achievement, and if he can keep her three days he may marry her without more ado; but if she is recaptured within that period it is so well understood that she will have been treated with the respect due to a maiden that she can, unquestioned, resume her position as taupau, though she will probably receive a good beating for having connived at the elopement. She does not appear to have much choice as to a husband, for I was told a story of a taupau who, with her father, had been exiled from her native village for refusing to accept the bridegroom selected for her, and was not allowed to return until after her father's death from a broken heart.

Polygamy, especially among chiefs, was admitted prior to the arrival of the missionaries, and Samoans still incline to carry into practice the modern idea

of having a new wife whenever tired of the old one. It seems as if the dowry of fine mats and the festivities consequent on the ceremony were the main inducements to this frequent change of bride. When the mangia, or smart young chief of the village, marries either a taupau or the daughter of another chief, her clan must provide an ample stock of mats, which are distributed amongst the kinsmen of the bridegroom, who supply in return plenty of pigs and other provisions wherewith to feast the donors of the dowry. Thus liberality on both sides is rewarded, and universal merry-making rejoices the hearts of a pleasure-loving race. Naturally, bridegroom and bride may become united in mutual affection, or religious principle may induce them to keep their vows; but if, though nominally Christians, they are not "church members," and thereby amenable to the threat of excommunication, the easy-going native views of divorce and re-marriage are apt to carry the day. Nor does popular disgrace necessarily attach itself to the divorced woman. Supposing her to be a taupau or a chief's daughter, her son is probably retained as his father's heir, while she may return to her own village and take up a position in the *falatele* as guardian of, or attendant on, the new taupau, and in due course may marry another man.

In the interesting account of her own life given by my friend Lavlii, Mrs. Willis, a Samoan girl of high rank married to a Canadian, she describes very simply how at the age of fourteen she was married, much against the will of her own family, to a young native of a lower class than her own, who almost immediately afterwards, in a drunken fit, tried to sell her to a white man for some money and a fancifully trimmed coat. This promising youth further stole a number of Bibles belonging to the London Missionary Society, whereupon the young bride's father told him: "She is not your wife any more; go home to your people, and never come to this side of the island again." "Thus," says Lavlii, "we were parted,

for as my father's decision was positive law, his word made me a single woman again." The father, however, was wise enough, when a white man proposed for his pretty daughter, to put such summary proceedings out of his own power or that of any one else, and stipulated for marriage before the English consul. To this Mr. Willis agreed, and, like other white men, has found that an intelligent Samoan woman makes a dutiful and affectionate wife.

The mission-station at Lufi-lufi is in charge of the Rev. Alfred Carne, one of the principal Wesleyan missionaries. The Wesleyans have over six thousand adherents in the Samoan group, the London missionaries about twenty-five thousand. It is rather a pity that these two bodies should divide the Protestant field; at one time it was hoped that any friction would be averted by an agreement that the Wesleyans should undertake Fiji and Tonga, leaving the London missionaries—who, though avowedly unsectarian, are mainly Congregationalists—undisturbed in Samoa. The Wesleyans assert that they did leave Samoa for many years, but that their disciples in the islands insisted on the return of their pastors; another version of the tale is that, though some such agreement was made with the Wesleyans sent from England, when Wesleyan Home Rule was established in Australia, and the Pacific missions handed over to the Church there, the new connexion did not abide by the contract made with the Mother Church. However this may be, it is gratifying to find a general desire not to clash in future existing among the Protestant bodies.

In New Guinea each Church takes, and confines itself to, a certain district, while in the Pacific generally the American missions work in the North, the Church of England in what is commonly called Melanesia, and the Wesleyan and London missions have also well-defined spheres of labor. It is worthy of note that over three hundred Pacific islands are entirely Christian, and several of these are sending out natives as missionaries, often to savage and unhealthy places.

Mr. and Mrs. Carne were most hospitable, and in the afternoon we had a "talolo." Children from their schools, and deputations from neighboring villages, came up singing to the verandah, in a series of processions, bringing us taros, chickens, native wooden combs, shells, and such-like offerings, as tokens of good-will. The adults made speeches, and the children, picturesquely dressed, seated themselves on the ground and entertained us with songs, reminding us partly of Tamasese's siva, and partly of the infant-schools of our own country. It was funny to see the merry little light-brown infants, garlanded with ferns and flowers, singing the multiplication table while tapping each other on the shoulder and moving their fingers, in evident imitation of the performances of their elders.

Next day we re-embarked in the Apolima, and rowed up a neighboring arm of the sea so narrow as to resemble a river, with high, wooded banks on either side. At the end of it a fine waterfall came tumbling over a precipice; the scene as it dashed into the still salt water below was very impressive. We wanted to see a specimen of a plant said to be identical with Manila flax, and one of our crew, who held the exalted position of judge in his own village, scrambled up the steep hillside and forced his way through the tangled vegetation to seek it. Being unsuccessful, he was summoned to return, and without a moment's hesitation took a header from the top of one of the highest rocks into the water below, which would have elicited thunders of applause from an Adelphi audience. I am sorry to say that the obligations of caste deprived us of his services as boatman. As judge and chief he could not carry oars or other gear, and the pride of possessing such a colleague did not compensate his companions for having to do that part of his work, so a less distinguished substitute had to be inducted into his post.

The waterfall of Falefa had, of course, its legend. The stream of which it was the outcome ran originally from the village of Manunu to Fusi on

the seacoast. An old woman living at Manunu sent her two little girls to Fusi to fetch salt water for the purpose of making palusami. A man of Fusi beat them, broke their cocoanut water-bottles, and sent them back crying to their mother. She comforted them, but did not disclose her intentions respecting their assailant. A day or two later she sent them to Falefa on a like errand. Here they were met by a man called Tialevea. "Come in and rest," he said; "I shall soon open my oven." While they were resting he went out and caught some fish. These he fried, and opening his oven spread a feast before the little girls, whom he then allowed to fill their bottles and return to their mother. Said the mother: "Tialevea has been good to you, and he shall henceforth have a nice stream of fresh water near his house, while the man who was unkind to you shall live in a swamp. So the course of the stream was changed, and it runs to Falefa, while to this day there is a dry watercourse to Fusi and a swamp there. Samoans are very kind to children, though they lose many in infancy through mismanagement. The standard of medical science can hardly be high, since one remedy is to jump on women suffering from acute internal pain. The native population is said to be diminishing, but as no accurate census has been taken, it is difficult to speak with certainty on this point. The people are exceedingly superstitious, and universally believe in spirits, who are supposed to haunt land which they have once possessed for the purpose of protecting it, and to mingle freely in human affairs. If a man is anxious to guard a plantation against pilferers, he will twist leaves or grass into the shape of a fish, or into some other form, and stick it up on the path leading to his property, invoking on any intruder, a curse, of which the selected fetish is a symbol. This is a relic of the time when the spirits of divinities were believed to inhabit birds, fishes, reptiles, and even shellfish. In those days every child at birth was put under the care of some tutelary deity, and ever afterwards venerated the incarnation of

his aitu, or particular god. He would eat the incarnation of another man's god, but never in any way injure or show disrespect to his own. The Samoans were never cannibals, properly so called; though some vague traditions point to their having occasionally tasted the flesh of their enemies, they have always expressed detestation of the practice. They were, however, formerly cruel in war, and even during the late disturbances they cut off the heads of the slain, considering them as trophies.

During our last malanga in Samoan seas we saw, under the efficient guidance of the Rev. William Clarke, a good deal of the work of the London missionaries, visiting their head stations at Malua and Leulumoenga. The settlement or college at the former place was founded by Dr. Turner nearly fifty years ago, and is still conducted much on the lines which he laid down. It consists of a nice house for the principal, or resident missionary, a large building which is used as a church and schoolroom, and a number of neat, whitewashed and thatched cottages standing in regular order round an open place or square. These are inhabited by youths, married and single, who are in training to become native pastors, and who meantime support themselves, and their wives, if they have any, by cultivating allotted patches of yams, taros, and bananas, and also bread-fruit and cocoanut-trees.

The Rev. John and Mrs. Marriott were our kind hosts, and the students, who are evidently earnest and intelligent, received us with all possible cordiality, bringing the usual offerings of native products, including tortoiseshell rings with little pieces of silver let into them, and chanting specially composed songs. It appears that the establishment has its poet-laureate, and the other day he entered a protest against an interloper who had dared to compose a song which met with more approval from his companions than the authorized compositions of the official bard. We were specially edified by the neat costume adopted by the neophytes

when assembled in the schoolhouse. Each was attired in a white lava-lava and clean white shirt got up for the occasion, while a large proportion had further adorned themselves with neckties, some going so far as studs. The college at Leulumoenga, conducted by the Rev. J. Hills, marks a new departure. It was established about two years ago for the purpose of educating the sons of chiefs and of teaching them English, the *lingua franca* of the Pacific, in hopes of fitting them for employment under government and in houses of business. This is certainly a step in the right direction for many reasons, one being that the authority of chiefs in their own villages was weakened by the fact of their being less well-educated than the native pastors who had passed through the Malua Seminary.

The Roman Catholics, who are generally wise in their generation, took the initiative in teaching English, at all events to Samoan girls. The Protestant missionaries declined to admit natives who desired to learn English into schools attended by whites and half-castes, nor would they teach English in the native schools. Some native girls especially fair in color passed themselves off as half-castes, and were making good progress, when, their parentage being discovered, they were dismissed from the school to which they had obtained admission. Such instances of exclusiveness caused many Samoans to go over to the Roman Catholic Church, and various girls, who afterwards became the wives of white men, were educated at the Convent School. The London missionaries have, however, recognized this weakness in their position, and, in addition to the Leulumoenga College, have erected near Apia a fine high school or college for Samoan girls of the upper-class. This I had the pleasure of opening before I left the island.

To return to the boys. As we rode up to the mission-station we found them arranged in double file, dressed only in lava-lavas, with thick crowns and long garlands of foliage, and we were not a little surprised to hear them

sing "God Save the Queen" with much energy, and correct English accent.

There were fifty-six Samoan boys in the college, and eight belonging to other islands. One of these came from a group recently annexed by England, and was much gratified when he learnt that he had become a British subject. These young chiefs were fine, active fellows, and, besides the customary talolo, entertained us with dances and athletic exercises, some of them donning gaudily colored native head-dresses, necklaces, and waistbelts for the occasion, whirling clubs, rushing forward and rapidly retreating, with visible memories of former war-dances.

It was quite a transformation-scene when they reappeared some half-hour later in the schoolroom in neat white jackets and lava-lavas, and underwent a highly creditable examination in reading, mental arithmetic, and note-singing.

I confess that it was never without a twinge of regret that I saw the happy savage, whether girl or boy, torn from the mat and the oar, and the idle shade of the bread-fruit tree, to sit on a hard bench and pore over a spelling-book; but here, as elsewhere, the old order must yield to the new. Apart from the religious question, if white men had never invaded the Pacific Islands the natives might have been left to their own devices—to dance, sing, and lounge, with intervals of fighting and head-lifting, and, in some groups, of devouring the slain. The white man came, too often in the guise of a runaway convict, a drunken sailor, or a vendor of rum, and if the missionary had not been there to supply some counter-principles capable of resisting the baser forms of white education, the fate of the milder races, who were prepared to receive any one cleverer than themselves as a superior being, would indeed have been cruel. As it stands, even those who perceive many weak points in the system of the missionary pioneers must allow that they have done good work, and that the schools which their successors are now estab-

lishing are simply enabling the natives to hold their own with the aliens who are settling amongst them. Many of the present men, moreover, realize that the edicts by which heavy burdens, and grievous to be borne, were bound on the shoulders of the islanders, needed relaxation, if not abolition. They see, for example, that instead of altogether forbidding sivas, or dances, they would do well merely to seek to eliminate such portions of them as are harmful and immoral; that people, whether white or brown, must have amusements; and that it is better to guide than to stimulate hypocrisy by a readiness to excommunicate which would have astonished a pope.

It is rather curious that the Roman Catholics, whose missions were established a few years later than those of the Protestants, should not have a larger following. The general estimate of about a seventh does not represent a very large proportion of the population. They have devoted priests and sisters, and, as already mentioned, their schools have hitherto offered the most complete education available for those Samoans who desired wider knowledge. It may be that the training in theological controversy, which has long formed part of the Malua curriculum, has enabled the native pastors to confute their opponents, and to keep their flocks in the Protestant fold; or it may be that the simpler doctrine and more congregational form of worship is congenial to the native mind in these islands.

In India, the elaborate ceremonies, the images, and the mysticism of the Roman Church seem to attract races whose own faith offers something similar. In the Navigators' Islands, though the people were always disposed to reverence the unseen powers, they erected nothing worthy of the name of temples in their honor, nor did they habitually attempt to make other representations of them than the natural objects in which they supposed their spirits to be incarnate. A small house was allotted to sacred services in some villages, in others the common meeting or guest house of the place served also for the

purposes of worship. Thefts were discovered by means of oaths, sworn by suspected persons on a consecrated cup, stone, or shell; and some similar ceremony obtains to the present day, though presumably modified to suit the Christian profession of the deponents. Traders and missionaries outside the municipal jurisdiction of Apia still find it advisable to enlist neighboring chiefs as their allies, and, if they have cause to complain of depredations, to put the matter into their hands, knowing that they will probably obtain redress through this trial by ordeal.

This does not, perhaps, indicate an entirely satisfactory state of law and order; it is easy to understand that dual monarchy and triple consular control do not always facilitate the enforcement of such decrees as happen to emanate from Mulinuu, the seat of government. Nevertheless, no serious danger to life or property seems to be apprehended by the foreigners, numbering, as they do, about three hundred British subjects (white and half-caste), between eighty and ninety Germans, under twenty Americans, and a few French priests and sisters.

Space forbids me to describe at length other attractive spots visited by us: the picturesque and well-ordered island of Manono, with its neat paths, its war-canoe decorated with shells, and the romantic, outlying rock with a single palm-tree called "The Chief's Grave;" or the strangely formed volcanic islet, Apolima (The Hollow of the Hand), a natural, sea-girl fortress, where an impregnable wall of rock, rising on every side round a verdure-lined crater, leaves one only portal, barricaded by tumbling surf, which, unfortunately, prevented our landing, owing to the state of the tide at the hour of our visit. The inhabitants of Manono in time of war transported their women and children to this citadel, and a cord stretched across the single entrance would enable the weakest defenders to overturn any canoe in which invaders might approach to attack them.

I must, nevertheless, recall our last

long ride through a dense forest, where intertwining branches afforded an impenetrable shade, even at midday, and where, in occasional clearings, fallen boughs and greensward were alike overgrown with festoons and wreaths of convolvulus with immense white blossoms. We emerged at length on to an open space, overlooking a thickly wooded ravine, with precipices down which fall the waters of a river in a succession of lovely cascades. One of these precipices, called Papasea, or the Sliding Rock, is thirty-five feet high, and on the top of this men and women seat themselves, and, balancing themselves carefully, allow the water to carry them over with a sudden shoot into the deep pool beneath. The native girls who had accompanied us in our excursion were most dexterous in this form of diving, and I envied them their thorough enjoyment of the plunge. The merriest picnic on a kind of island between the upper and lower cascades was followed by a ride back to Apia, if possible merrier still. Next day the American mail steamer carried us away from the enchanted island, which, despite native feuds and white intrigues, will ever remain in our memories as a home of genuine hospitality, and a land of leisure, brightened with flowers and enlivened with dance and song.

M. E. JERSEY.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
TAYLOR OF BARONSGATE.

THE squire was one of an old Catholic family; no bigot, or no such bigot but that his best-loved neighbor, in a county studded with Catholic families, was the vicar of the parish where his house and land lay; and yet he sturdily maintained, in the little company of three who sat and talked together one evening by his ample fireside, that there is no such thing as spiritual exaltation and the saintly spirit out of his own Church. He admitted that Methodism and the like had bred examples of a useful religious enthusiasm, that detraction itself would be ashamed of doubt-

ing that in the Anglican communion there were many men possessed with a divinely humble, inextinguishably fervent piety; but that was not, as Thomas à Kempis said, "to enter far into inward things." There is a spiritual border-land, said the squire, a merging frontier-line between earth and heaven, to which a divinely calm effulgence descends, embracing, and as it were adopting, the few who rise far enough beyond the world to walk in those bright marches. The witness of it is even visible. It is to be seen in the very faces of the men and women who habitually attain to life and conversation in some celestial interspace above the world, the reflection of which they bear as clearly as mountain-tops the last rays of day. And where was this life ever known, or the witness of it ever seen, except amongst those who dwell in the "fold of the Church"? Not that it is seen much now anywhere, and least of all, where there was never very much of it perhaps, in England. The fatal invasions of an accursed Spirit of the Age, creeping into every heart —

So the squire ran on, in language rather more familiar than this, but with the meaning plain enough, and swelling with a fulness of conviction that answered all the purposes of eloquence; while on the other side of the hearth, which shed an equal radiance upon each, the parson listened forbearingly, shaking his head now and then on behalf of Protestantism and mankind at large, or murmuring a gentle "No, no, no!" Not that this was all his share in the conversation. He had many apt things to say interjectionally, besides "No, no, no!" but there would have been more of them, and perhaps better things, had he been less preoccupied. Yet what his mind wandered to while the squire talked on was all to the purpose; as presently appeared when, rising from his chair with an indescribable air of embarrassed solemnity, he took out his pocket-book and drew from it a cutting from some newspaper.

"Wharton," said he, "I have been thinking of this bit of paper from the moment you began upon your theme.

It came from a Yorkshire journal which was sent to me by a clerical friend up there only a fortnight ago ; and this is what it says : ' We regret to hear that Mr. Clement Taylor, the eccentric and philanthropic bookseller of Market Street, Baronsgate, died there on the night of Wednesday or the morning of Thursday last. He was found at 6 A.M. on Thursday seated in his old high chair, his arms extended over the desk he had been reading at, and his face resting on the pages of his open book. Many of our readers in Baronsgate and its neighborhood will be surprised to learn that the deceased was only in his forty-third year.' He looked ten years older," said the parson, as he tenderly restored the slip of paper to his letter-case. "The book he was reading when he died (I have it) was a yellow, thin old quarto edition of the very thing you named but now ; the "Imitation" of à Kempis. It was as likely as not to have been Bunyan's "Holy War." He was not of your faith, for one ; he was modern enough to be younger than either of us, Wharton ; he was a layman living a common life in the shop and the street ; but yet if ever human creature entered far into inward things, or bore about him the witness of descending every day from a country and a companionship above any of this world, it was Clement Taylor, the obscure watchmender and dealer in old books, who died last month in a little decayed Yorkshire town."

"When, after promising to dine with me to celebrate Mary's birthday, you were called away by a distressing duty and couldn't come —"

"I went to see Taylor put into the ground, and hear a sermon preached about him to half a congregation of poor people."

"Two hundred and twenty miles, I suppose."

"More or less," said the parson, resuming his chair and moodily drawing it nearer to the firelight. And there we sat, without exchanging a word for full five minutes ; silent under a much stronger impression than anything in the parson's language seemed capable

of conveying, though what he had told was impressive enough.

"Now tell us something more about this Taylor," said the squire at last. "You knew him well evidently, and such a man as you have been hinting at should be known to all the world, however much he might wish to conceal himself."

"I did not know him well ; intimately, I mean. I met him only three or four times when I was on a visit to St. Michael's vicarage last year, and yet by accident I heard from him one night — not that he ever knew that I heard — but I will tell you the story all through."

"It was in the summer time, you know, that I went down to Baronsgate to spend a week with Jeffrey. The hour of my appearance there had not been fixed, and when I arrived at the parsonage some time in the afternoon, Jeffrey (a bachelor you know) was gadding about among his parishioners. So I took to sauntering in the grey old town, which was a busier place in the sixteenth century than it is now, and has a market-square large enough to drill a battalion of soldiery. You ought to know the castle ruins, Wharton ; you are connected with them on the spindle side."

"I do. Splendid pile on a sheer, up-standing cliff close above the town ; its shadow throwing half across the streets at sunset ; very precipitous streets on that side."

"And you remember the jostling old houses of the market-place, the tall and the low, the great and the humble, ranging together in amiable equality ? and the beautiful old inn that runs down from the square into Market Street ? Well, then, Taylor's shop, — a little wooden, low-fronted place with a ceiling you could touch with your hands, — stood two or three doors down the street from the inn. In my loungings here and there I had come to this shop, and, first attracted by a few morsels of old china in the window, began to read along the backs of the books. There were not many of them, — old things of no account, — but there were enough to

obstruct the view to the interior; so that my first intimation of Jeffrey's presence in the shop was his coming out of it, to the sound of a bell that might have been taken from a bell-wether's neck.

"I noticed that a rather wandering, speculative look came into Jeffrey's face while we exchanged greetings, the look of a man who is working out a sudden thought; and no sooner were they over than he said (you must know that we had not moved from before the shop window, and were both staring vaguely into it), 'Wouldn't you like to buy one of those old bits of china? They are not bad.' I had begun to answer that they were not quite good enough to be worth carrying home, when he interrupted me with, 'Look here! I know what you would like, that blue-grey crackle bottle. Quite genuine, though not first-rate, you will say. A couple of dark red roses in a bottle like that, and you have a picture! Come on! I know the price,—nine shillings!' And taking me by the arm, he walked me into Taylor's shop.

"It was a dusty little place, with a half-glass door leading into the living-room. At the tinkling of the sheep-bell announcing customers, or visitors, Taylor came through this door; and then I saw for the first time, in the figure of an intelligent-artisan sort of person, one of those men who are the very salt of the earth, and sometimes its inspirers and saviours. Their sweetest grace their greatest fault; I am persuaded that most of them hide away in some obscure little round of goodness, lost in their own humility and saintliness. Taylor was one of those meagre men, with the bones of an athlete and no vitality to correspond, who are more often seen among the artisan classes than among ourselves; shells in which interior strength has been worn out, perhaps, by two or three generations of sensitiveness under privation. Don't you think it might be so?"

"Nothing more likely," said the squire.

"He was of a rugged countenance, too, as if meant for a fighting-man orig-

inally, one of your honest pushers and strivers; though you did not see this at first under the beautiful, far-brought placidity that seemed to have him in guardianship. Forty-three? He looked fifty, all but his eyes; which were not brilliant either, but like agates with a bit of this glowing wood-ember at the bottom of them. Well, we went into the shop, and Taylor came out to us rather timidly, and, 'Look here! Mr. Taylor,' says Jeffrey. 'As it happens, I plumped upon an old friend of mine just as I crossed your threshold, staring at those china pieces in the window. He is a famous judge of old china, you must know, and he would like to have that grey, long-necked bottle with the cracks on its surface. Nine shillings?'

"She told me to ask ten," says Taylor in an absent way. 'But that is half a sovereign; and I thought nine shillings would be more attractive.' And then, instead of going to get the bottle for me, as I expected, he turned the other way, went into his little parlor, and closed the door behind him. That seemed odd, even to Jeffrey, who first looked surprised, then winked, and began to search along the bookshelves as a hint to me to stay. A moment afterwards the rattle of cups and saucers was heard, which made me think that we were to be invited to discuss this momentous bargain over the tea-table. Jeffrey cocked an ear too; and, shuffling toward me, whispered, 'Don't say *no* if you are asked. It will be worth your while.' In another minute, during which there was more rattling of crockery, Taylor reappeared in the doorway, saying in his gentle voice, 'May I ask you to come in?' And in we went; not, however, to find the usual preparations for tea, but fifteen or twenty bits of Oriental ware, Wedgewood ware, and a particularly good piece of Spode, set out in captivating order on an old Dutch tray.

"We spent some little time looking at these before Taylor said: 'I have taken a liberty, I'm afraid, but you'll pardon that for the sake of doing a kindness. Mr. Jeffrey said, sir' (this

of course was to me), 'that you are a famous judge of old china. Tell me what these things are really worth ; I mean to a buyer who wants a bargain, but who should not have too much of a bargain.'

"Considering that I was supposed to be negotiating for the specimen in the window (which, however, I must tell you, was worth more than nine shillings, poor as it was), this address took me aback. For a moment I saw in Taylor a probable impostor, and one of a rather common sort. But glancing at Jeffrey, I discovered nothing but satisfaction about him ; another glance at Taylor shook my suspicion to the knees ; but what finished it was the appearance at that moment of one of the loveliest and neatest — the — the — the sweetest, and silveriest, and lavenderest old woman that ever mortal eyes rested on ; seventy and deaf, though, deaf as a stone ; you could see it at once. She came in in her beautiful print gown (sprigged, you know), and with a high-backed Quaker sort of cap, the fore part close drawn all round her face in pretty soft frills, — lovely ! She came in, and, placing near me a neat little parcel, went out again. I could see at a glance that this was my nine-shilling purchase, which there was to be no haggling about.

"Whether Taylor had caught sight of my suspiciousness or not, and was hurt enough to wish to dispel it, of course I don't know ; but it was with evident pain and reluctance that he explained why he wanted the use of my judgment. There was a poor old lady in a neighboring town, six miles off. For years she had lived in comfort and in much respect on an annuity ; nice little house, with plenty of pretty old garniture and so forth. All this came to ruin through the wicked selfishness of an only son. Half the annuity had to be made over to save him from disgrace long ago, since when there had been a slow sinking from one stage of poverty to another till there was nothing for it but to sell any portable thing that was least likely to be missed. For this was a proud old lady ; one of the

tender, sensitively proud ones, who could not bear that her friends and neighbors should know of her fall, and whose poor old heart was in danger of breaking every time she looked among her smaller treasures for something that could be sold away out of the town she had lived in so long. Her trinkets gone and her bits of lace, she had to come to bulkier articles : 'And it was not many days ago,' said Taylor, 'that she crept to my door at nightfall, trembling as a thief might, with a basket in her hand and some of these things in it. So thankful I was that the shutters were closed just as she slipped in ! For this kind of visitor is not new to me, or their terrible, terrible, foolish, foolish miseries ! But china ! What could I do with it, being more ignorant of its value than she herself, and so likely to wrong her in dealing with it. For her bright hope was [this was Taylor's way of talking, I am not putting words into his mouth] that I might sell these things for her quietly by just putting a sample or two among the books in my shop window. Poor woman ! I told her —' 'And,' says Jeffrey, interrupting him, 'she told you that you were a kind man, whose goodness, whatever you might think, had been heard of beyond Baronsgate ; and that you wouldn't send her home again with her crockery unloaded, but would do your best with it, and here it is.' 'All but the piece you kindly took,' said Taylor, and there the story ended."

"Except that —"

"Yes, of course," the parson went on to say. "Taylor having explained his difficulty, I examined the little collection to price it ; Taylor dashing into the shop for pen and ink at the first motion, much as if a reprieve were to be signed. It was not particularly convenient to me that he should hold the ink-bottle, but there the child in him came out so obviously that I wasn't going to offend it ; and you should have seen how he watched every item of price as it went down, and have heard the crowing 'Aha !' that followed the entry, 'Small mandarin jar with cover, six guineas ;' the one really fine and

well-conditioned piece. Yes, not a bad total, large beyond Taylor's imaginings, at any rate. It was after crying it out that this strange, good creature made me feel what I thought of him by means of a most unexpected sensation. 'Was I not justified in troubling you?' he said, facing round with a wonderfully grateful smile. Now, like many other male persons, I suppose I feel murderous whenever I am touched familiarly by another man. I want a *kris* immediately — no less a weapon. But as Taylor said this, he — stranger, artisan, and shopkeeper, you know — placed both hands on my shoulders; and what I felt was just as if they had been the hands of his beautiful old mother."

Upon this the third person in the conversation asked of the squire, "What do you think of that for a sign of saintliness?"

The squire opened his lips to make answer, with a billowy motion of his whole body which seemed to portend a sailing into the subject at large; but the parson stopped him.

"Wait a bit," said he. "I must just tell you something more. A second half-glass door in Taylor's rather bleak sitting-room led into a long, narrow workshop, whence the clicking sound of light tools nimbly used could be heard, and from time to time a word or a laugh. Now while I was pricing the goods I noticed that Jeffrey strolled to this door and nodded and smiled through the panes of it in his affablest way. And 'Come here,' he presently called to me, when my business was done. I went and peeped, and what should I see but three jolly cripple-boys hard at work, and yet as it might be at play; two of them busy with book-binder's tools, and the other, a paler-looking lad, perched at a watchmaker's bench with the appropriate glass at his eye. No explanation was needed. Taylor had picked up these boys in one place or another, and was housing them and teaching them a trade. Yes, and just as we came away, another swung cheerily from the street; a one-crutched hunchback this, whom Taylor had put out to some business in the town. So

Jeffrey told me; and that he was afraid the whole six of them in the blessed little wooden tumble-down house often sat down to a supper for four."

Here the parson paused in meditation, which was not interrupted, and then said, "This is to give you some idea of the sort of man Taylor of Baronsgate was;" and so resumed his cogitations.

"I know the kind of man," said the squire. "But, thank Heaven! he is not a monster of rarity, and I must say, Walcot, that goodness such as his may exist at a very high pitch without the spiritual exaltation and apartness, so to speak, of which we were talking. To be sure, what you said of your feeling when he placed his hands on your shoulders has a special significance. If it is a question of saintliness of character, there is more in that than in all your good Taylor's kindness to unfortunate old ladies and crippled boys."

"I don't deny it," said the parson. "On the contrary, I see that your meaning is right; though I confess I do not care much for the *very* saintly character (and I believe it does run as high as that sometimes) which is indifferent to crippled boys and unfortunate old ladies — sordid sorrows, mundane ills. I prefer Taylor's mixture, if it is allowable to joke on such a subject. Well, but this is only preliminary. Before I went to bed that evening I heard many stories about him that were some of them odd, and all of the sort that you cannot listen to without feeling smaller; and as I busied myself in getting Hanway of Oxford Street to buy that little parcel of china in a lot. I contrived occasion for several long talks with Taylor before I came away. One evening we prowled about among the ups and downs of the country round Baronsgate till near midnight, talking all manner of high things. Or rather he did; and that in such a way and with such looks and tones that now I thought of Coleridge, and now of the coteries of Oxford lads who take fire at each other, their heads spinning and sputtering like Catherine wheels with a whirligig of glorious ideas —"

"And coming to a stop with all the powder out, a charred little knob of wood!"

"—and sometimes of the fishermen and other ignoramuses who made the first apostles and martyrs. It may seem exaggerated, but that is how he impressed me and more; and I suppose there is no reason to believe that the George Foxes and John Bunyans are absolutely extinct?"

"A bit of a Christian Socialist, probably."

"Yes, if you can find any sort of Socialist without rancor, or any Christian incompetent to hate. Where he got his reading from I don't know, but he seemed to have run alongside of the Socialist movement closely, and to be watching with restless pain the draining away of all superstitious belief. That is just what I am coming to.

"At starting on the ramble I told you of we came, not far out of the town, to a gently ascending bluff which breaks off in sheer declivity on the further side; I mean the further side from Baronsgate. Hoodycliff it is called, I think. It is a romantic place, with that primeval look about it which is not always seen even in the wildest spots. You go up on a broken irregular path through patches of gorse and ling for half a mile, and then suddenly find yourself at the abrupt edge of the cliff, with a view over miles of moorland country, and the farms and hamlets which here and there huddle in the hollows. Step back a dozen paces from the verge of the cliff, and not an acre of the scene below is visible; advance again, and the whole sweep of it is revealed. Most impressive! Taylor was monologuing away in his gentle yet animated manner when we turned to walk along the cliff edge; but he became instantly silent then, and presently I overheard him murmuring what happened to be the very thought in my own mind at the moment: 'Taketh him up into an exceedingly high mountain and showed him all the kingdoms of the world.' In a moment of time, I added, quoting from St. Luke's account. This turned Taylor into a beautiful

rambling discourse about the forty days and its temptations; how that here was far more proof of the mortal manhood in Jesus Christ than if his bones had been found in the sepulchre, 'And could now be touched by even such a hand as mine. So much had Jesus of his father Adam, and that long line of mortal generation, that it was strong enough to rise up and question the Godhead in him, to ridicule it as a fantasy of enthusiasm, and to ask whether a wise son of man would not turn his vast powers of ascendancy to a different account. This in the breast of Christ himself. Satan nothing but one of our two voices, unquenched in him till then; the voice of our fathers in the mould against that of our Father in Heaven. But,'—and then on came the 'buts' in a clearing, consoling triumphant stream for the next mile of our ramble; Taylor talking the whole time to himself quite as much as to me.

"Well, the last day of my visit was running out, and my last dinner with Jeffrey was in course of consumption, when that good fellow had a sick-call to the farthest end of his parish. It was nearly eight o'clock when he started; the day had been brazen hot, even then there was not a cloud in the heavens; and it seemed to me that I could not spend the evening better than in strolling off to Hoodycliff to see the night creep over the moor and the stars come out in the sky. Accordingly I went.

"The face of Hoodycliff is not quite so precipitous as a cut cheese, and its sudden slope is broken by gorse-grown heathery hummocks from top to bottom. Arrived at the edge of it, I slid down into an inviting nest between two of these hummocks a few feet below, and was no sooner couched there than the first star came out above and a spark of lamplight shone from a window in the darker moorland world beneath. This was just what I had come forth for to see; and there I lay on back and elbow in a good wide frame of mind till the nearest farmhouse was covered with darkness, and the sky (midsummer sky, you know) was all ablaze.

"Now I began to think of returning ; and the consequence of lingering yet a while longer was, that just as I was roused to action by the thought of Jeffrey ordering the spirit-kettle to be brought into his study, just as I was on the very point of rising from my nook, a voice that I well knew sounded above my head. It was Taylor's, as you guess. He was marching on towards the peak of the cliff, a few yards distant above me ; and as I felt on glancing up, he was so intent on some business of his own, or some thoughts of his own, that I remained quiet, looking down again into the thick of the dark and expecting him to pass on. I knew this ridge to be the terminus of a favorite evening walk of his, but I was mistaken as to his standing about a bit and then going on. There was time enough for him to have done so, when I declare to you I was shaken from within like an organ-pipe by the murmuring of a voice that seemed all reverberation. It came from the peak of the crag not six yards off. Taylor, of course ; and Taylor on his knees, fronting the whole sweep of starry heaven and night-shrouded moor.

"It was an awkward situation, but I don't know what escape there was from it. For before I had time to think, the murmuring swelled into a flood of passionate words impossible to interrupt ; for though they fell into my ears by the way, as they might into the ears of any bird or beast in the bushes round about, they were poured out before the Creator. Such words —"

The parson's speech tailed off into hesitation and was extinguished there. It had been observed with sympathetic curiosity that during the whole of the latter part of it, that is to say, from the time the good Anglican started out to spend his evening on Hoodycliff his face had been steadily turned toward the hearth in a half shy way ; and it was still in the full glow of the logs when he began again by supposing that it was getting rather late. Looking at his watch, however, he found that it was little past nine o'clock (the squire's unvarying dinner-hour was seven), and

so, after a minute's reflection amid the carefully unobserving though expectant silence of his companions, he said, "If you would really care — pardon me if I run over to the parsonage."

The squire's demesne was but a small one. The house stood within three hundred yards of the highway, and the parson's house was hid in a garden nearly opposite the gates of the trim little park. Therefore we had not to wait long for his return. It was an absence of little more than ten minutes, and the interval was broken by very few observations. "There goes a man," said the squire, "who is an example of the thorough adaptability of English gentlemen and the English character in general when duty comes into play. Walcot was born a soldier. He looked it before he was thirteen ; and as you may have noticed, he still keeps the air and carriage of a man of war. And had he gone into the army he would have been none of your Havelocks, I fancy, but a soldier (of course with brains), a sportsman, and nothing else. However, his mother would not have her last boy put into a red coat, so Tom goes into the Church, and makes as good, and studious, and thoughtful a pastor as you'll find in twenty parishes round. But I confess I had no idea, — I have never seen before such openings of religious emotion."

"Taylor of Baronsgate, perhaps," said the other, "and his recent death brings memories and thoughts and things."

Mr. Walcot came in, paler from contact with the cold out of doors, and quietly replaced himself in the chair which had been expecting his immediate return to it, apparently. A word or two was said about the east wind then prevailing, after which the parson went on with his story.

"You remember where I broke off. There was I, five or six feet down the face of the crag, and probably indistinguishable from the bushes among which I was reposed ; above was Taylor on his knees, and his face addressed either upward or outward to the world

he was so much concerned about. He was praying, as of course you understand. It began with the murmuring I first heard, and was a petition for forgiveness of what was in his mind, its impatience, its presumption. But the impatience and presumption (though it might just as well be called that meritorious thing 'wrestling with the Lord,') soon overtopped the preliminary cry for forgiveness. It was very still up there; and I can almost fancy now that it was this silence—which is sometimes like intensity of *listening*, you know—that drew Taylor out. I can imagine that he found invitation in it. At any rate, he rapidly warmed into an harangue, now delivered on his knees, now as he paced backward and forward on the crag-peak, or stood on its verge in the posture of St. Paul in the Hampton Court cartoons—an harangue such as I never heard before, nor do I suppose that you ever did either.

"Of course the hour and the scene had much to do with it," the parson went on to say, as he took from his breast-pocket a thin sheaf of papers, "and it is impossible that Taylor's rhapsodical outpour should make the impression on you that it made upon me. The voice is wanting; the thrill of it is wanting; everything is wanting; and the attempt to give you a notion of it is a risk, and perhaps an injustice. As it happens, however, my memory, if not equal to Macaulay's, is still a pretty good one; and immediately after repeating Taylor's sermon to Jeffrey I made these notes of it."

With a feeling that half absorption in the enjoyment of a pipe would ease whatever embarrassment Mr. Walcot might be under, his companions had begun to smoke before he returned from the vicarage; and in the same spirit they composed themselves in that employment with their profiles turned to him as, with a mumbled humming of some unintelligible words to begin with, the parson dropped his voice into a low, minor key and so proceeded, occasionally reading from his notes, but oftener speaking from memory and straight into the chimney-place.

"My lowness is my boldness. The shepherd boy who became king of thy kingdom of Israel raised his voice to thee importunately, and so I am sure may I. Yet I dread, because I would be more importunate than he; and now, when again the glib devil that sits and whispers in every heart, whiffs me the word that to importune thy goodness is an accusation of mercy blamefully withheld, I know not whether he would prevent me from my prayer, or whether he speaks a well-afforded truth to one who is already condemned for insolent and rebellious thoughts. I will speak to these fields, then; so that, by thy grace, my words may fall to the ground through the darkness and die in it if they be pardonably wrong, or rise to the light amid the sighings and seekings of thy bewildered creatures, if they may be admitted to audience at thy throne above these stars.

"O thou poor world,"—here Walcot stretched forth his arms in a straight line, his eyes bent to the same level, as if to give us a picture of Clement Taylor addressing the kingdoms of the earth—"O thou poor world, the time is nigh when there will be more light for you, or multitudes of half-awakened souls will perish in feeding a flame of no illumination; for that science is, except as it reveals to us the machinery of our mortal selves, and as it sets a torch up here and there about this catacomb, this earth, wherein our unsouled bodies are to lie. To cry upon knowledge is a daring hazard, and that I will not. But standing in the midst of the growth and flux of it that marks our day, surely we have better reason than our fathers' to remember that other tree which grew in the Garden of Paradise and was not the Tree of Life. Truly I think we have! Knowledge! knowledge!—Yes, and wine! wine!—but with wisdom in its use, and the 'stablishment of health and joy as the end. Wine is food and it is poison; and nothing better is this earth-drawn and earth-contained knowledge of ours, which, with its glaring ray, drowns the effulgence of the one creative light of love. There is a knowledge that stains,

and that too must be spread abroad, *because* it is knowledge and lovely when garlanded by art. There is a better knowledge, that which makes the scholar proud, and yet it is as vain as the hoarding of gold, or the delight of luxurious living, or the savage's delight in the shells which he, too, has gathered on the shore. But there is useful knowledge,—yes, that which guides my hand on the way to my mouth, and teaches me to fill my spoon from the dish that is best. That is the whole epitome of useful knowledge. All's comprised in it, from the knowledge of ploughing for corn and of use for the skins of beasts, up to such seizings and harnessings of God's elemental servants to looms, and ships, and shop-supply, that poets begin to wonder whether man is not himself the only God. Already! What will poets say when man attains to the creative power of the ants, who choose whether they will have now sons and now daughters, and determine whether their sons shall be hugeous soldiers born in mail or other shaped toilers and wiseacres like themselves?

“We are what we are by the divine appointment of our Father in Heaven—children of his love but creatures of his law. The love I know, my Father!—it is to me as his mother's bosom to a little child that never was reprov'd. And though I know, too, where I stand,—out of my path of duty in the village street, and under the avalanche of thy wrath, it emboldens me to cry to thee. *Hasten thy law! Hasten, hasten thy law!*”

At this, Walcot, who had uplifted his hands, brought them down upon his breast, at the same time bowing his head. An involuntary imitation of Taylor's submissive gesture, no doubt; and the ensuing moment of silence was beautifully suggestive of the avalanche reposing unmoved.

“All things advance by degrees, from soil to seed, from seed to flower; and among them even the perfecting of them who were made blood-brethren of thy son, oh, how long ago! According to our understanding of thy laws,

this is the law of our being; a law that was made—yes! where a day is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as a day. Ah, have pity!—a thousand years as a day! I cannot stifle it! Hear me speak, then, the rebellious thought that for us this is the deepest sorrow; always (forgive me!), always in the working of thy law with us a day is as a thousand years. And therefore?—why therefore generations and generations of mankind, one after another, perish unadvanced in soul and spirit. We live, we die; we live, we die,—like the multitudinous waves that, following, rise and fall upon the sea; and what spiritual growth is there in all these centuries? What growth in the strength and beauty of righteousness that any man can discern? No; a thousand years and yet only a day. Oh that every voice on earth could cry to thee, and not only where blindness stumbles, and frailty breaks, and wars rage, and faith drowns. *Hasten thy law!*

“I cry in hope. For since but the other day the skies have opened to shed upon our hearts that gentle dew whence mercy springs, charity, brotherliness, man's humanity to man. Though it be not much as yet, on that side of the wide heaven of goodness a light breaks what may be the dawn of a day that—what shall it be? This, too, a day of a thousand evolutionary years—creep, creep, creeping with us on the road to higher things, myriads of thy creatures falling by the way! Oh, dear Father, wilt thou not give us now a thousand years in a day, embrace us in thine eyes, fill us with thy breath, wing us with thy grace, speed us up and up from the stepping-stones of our dead selves till we are all that man can be made by the growth of thy imparted good? And great is thy imparted good, bestowed on us from the beginning. It courses in the dark breast of humanity like the water-streams in the bosom of earth-hidden streams of life and sweetness even when all above is as Dead Sea marsh or arid waste. Where the rain falls, the desert blooms even in a night. In the name of a thousand gen-

erations that have gone through baffled lives to fruitless dust, I cry to thee, *Pour down the rain!* Open wide the skies, as when the Angel of the Annunciation descended, and fill the earth from new fountains of revealing grace. The little rills of goodness that thread our hearts will hear, will swell in response to the founts from whence they came, burst upward to the light, and in a little while the world shall witness fulfilment of thy design and Christ's desire that men should be little lower than the angels.

"*Give us this day our daily bread.* My familiar from the Pit tells me," — here Walcot struck his breast smartly, again imitating Taylor, and meaning to smite the insidious imp that was lodged there, or his harborage at least — "that, no matter who taught it, this, too, is a reproach more than a prayer. There speaks the voice of Pure Intellect, — too pure to know its error when it lies. I may pray for my bread; the words of the prayer are lent to me from divine lips. May I not, then, without offending, pray for the larger good of others, as now I do for the descent on all mankind of an abounding inspiration that shall quicken the torpor of spiritual growth? Almighty Father, it is time! Faith is dying. The greater good chokes in the luxuriance of the lesser good; which yet is not shared by all, and is but a palliative, an enjoyment, an adornment for the fortunate in this mortal life alone. Wisdom to know thy works, but none to know thy ways, is but a sorry gift; and yet it is the glory of our day, and such a glory that knowledge of thy works is banishment of thee. We say rejoicingly to each other, "There is an end of the ghost-haunted childhood of the world. We have come through the ages of murk and mist, and here is dawn at last." Yes, but a morning-beam that blinds where it brightens. The star of our dawn is Lucifer, new risen from below the edge of the world; and his light out-stares the tender ray that shone on Bethlehem. Indeed it begins to do so, and, but for the re-kindling of that heavenly lamp, will out-stare it.

Day by day the numbers of his prophets increase who say, "This is the true light, — no will-o'-the-wisp from the marshes of superstition like that other one;" and troops follow them.

"And now, standing amid the many unamended wrongs and miseries of the world, they receive a new illumination from their Son of Morning and welcome it. According to this light, it is idle, it is inhuman, to wait any longer upon the promise of regeneration by precepts of brotherly love. There is a brotherly hate which is far better. As righteous in origin and motive, its help is no tedious illusion for them that suffer. Let us fill ourselves with this pitying rage, and seek each other out to punish and destroy. *Lucifer arisen!* Such is the answering song to *Peace on earth, good-will to men*, dimly sounding through our atmosphere of enlightenment from the farther distance of two thousand years. Peace? Good-will? Look upon these swarming camps, hearken to the murmuring in the streets, and comfort us whose hearts faint at the retiring promise of that heavenly cradle-song.

"This sudden growth of mind, this godless Knowledge, this Science which smooths the way of strife on every hand and brings new gifts to slaughter day by day, — thy grace shall match it with another growth as miraculous, or soon the whole round earth will repeat the groan from the Cross, *My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?* We are indeed partakers of thy spirit, but only as a little child newly infused with the breath of life; and the divine gift prospers little, while the illumined brute in man lifts his head as a god. And now, now what shall raise our spiritual selves to an equal height (and else will it stifle and a world be lost), unless thou givest to it another dawn, the heavens opening to pour out splendors of illumination, of revelation, more than those that were shrouded in the darkness that descended upon Calvary! More, more! Grant us more and give to-day! They were as the awakening beams that fall upon our eyelids when it is morning and yet we sleep. Now it is nigh to

noon, and still the sun of the second coming, without which thy ingerminated good in the heart of man must perish, is absent from the sky. Father, make haste to help us. Send down thy spirit, not in little, but as a madness, or as a fire that spreads in stubble. There is a common madness of cruelty, a general madness of greed, and many another evil thing. At last, speak thou the word that shall possess mankind with a madness of righteousness one to another. A star falls! Would it were thy messenger bearing this frenzy in his fiery wings. Or would that I could think it a token of acceptance, even forgiveness, of thy servant's importunity. Yet will I not doubt of forgiveness; *for there is not a word in my tongue but thou, O Lord, knowest it altogether.*"

Here the parson came to an end; but in doing so he read to himself in his notes, finger on lip, so that it was thought that he left unrepeatd some more daring part of Taylor's appeal, toward its conclusion.

"Striking enough," said the squire, as the notes were pocketed; "but I must say I see little of the peculiar saintliness which —"

"Nor any share of apostolic helpfulness, sweetness, simplicity, self-effacement, fervor, courage? Let me ask you this: would you dare to pray for the soul of Taylor of Baronsgate? Good-night!" And with a chiding shake of his head, but a kindly face, the parson abruptly took himself home.

From Temple Bar.

AMONG THE SUTHERLANDSHIRE LOCHS.

"It is the most inaccessible spot in the British Isles, save none," observed my friend. "There will be absolutely nothing to eat except what grows there, and we catch with our own rods. Sleeping accommodation will be delightfully rough; we shall have to chum together in a crib no bigger than a child's cot. I don't believe a Sassenach has ever before set foot in the valley, and I

promise you that not a soul for miles will have a word of English."

"Don't you think we shall get very tired of each other, under such trying circumstances?" I asked.

"But the fish, man—the fish," urged my friend impatiently.

I had learnt from the scientific textbooks to despise the intelligence of fishes, and it did not seem to me, therefore, that they were likely to count as social acquisitions in this desert land. Nevertheless, I thenceforward agreed to everything that my friend proposed. We were to spend the entire vacation cooped up in the north-western corner of Great Britain. The journey thither was across nearly ten degrees of latitude.

My friend preceded me to these distant worlds. A few days later I received from him a sensational epistle about the scenery and the people. Everything was uncommon and archaic. The Highland girls were lovely and numerous; ghosts were an article of faith; he had eaten his dinner to the tune of the pipes, and already accustomed himself to an infamous bright yellow whiskey that paid nothing towards the revenue. As for the fish—well, I should see. The weather was perfect—for fish. "Fifty miles on a mail car, at five miles an hour, in pouring rain!"

It certainly was an uncommon ride. We skirted the marge of many a placid inland loch, and toiled through upland valleys aglow with heather, under the thighs of great mountains whose heads were hid in the clouds. At intervals of ten miles we came to a house, a baronial shooting-box, or an hotel. The driver set me down at the last, the most north-westerly, of these hotels. Ten more miles of country had to be covered, and the final five of the ten were over trackless bogs, boggy streams, and mountain shoulders. It was therefore late in a day that had begun very early, that I looked from the brow of a steep hill-ridge down upon a little oasis of green, set by the side of a river in a long, deep valley, and saw the simple hut that was to be our home. Ovid at

Tomi could not have been more effectually divorced from civilization.

The shepherd's wife called it a "wee housie," and so it was. Grasses of different kinds grew in the moist thatch of its low roof. The floor of the little room we were to live and sleep in was of naked soil, ill-covered with skins of deer and sheep and dogs. And the posted bed, with red hangings, which was to serve us for the night, small though it was, occupied more than a third of the room.

Ten paces from the cottage, across the greensward of the hillock, was a dilapidated barn. Here the casscroms (crooked sticks) and casscheedas, the native ploughs and spades of the land, were stored, and the wool to be woven into homespun when the nights got long. And here, too, set in the midst, was a great wooden tub, which Murdoch the boy filled daily with ice-cold water for our morning plunge.

The shepherd's demesne lay below the house, bordering the river. There were patches of barley and oats and potatoes enough for a year; and in a sheltered corner, under the lee of some dwarf willows, a dozen roots of rhubarb and a score of cabbages excited the wonder and envy of visitors from neighboring valleys. There was also good grass in the little meadow, though the heavens were averse to having it made into hay. It thus came to be treated like the grain of the crofter who the other day gave evidence in the court of South Uist — which corn was cut when under water, and dragged away with ropes. The combined area of this grass, corn, and vegetable land was called the park; and the river ran over stones and formed dark, eddying pools between it and the waste heather and bog beyond.

We were in a valley, at the one end of which was our loch, adjoining the sea, and at the other the stately bulk of a mountain three thousand feet high.

And now of our companions in this "wee housie," of which the best end belonged to us. First in every respect came the "wife," as the shepherd's helpmate was called. She was a

truly remarkable person. I never saw woman of her age more comely, though perhaps she was a little too broad. Her voice was stentorian and hearty. It was said of Columba, the evangelizer of the Western Isles, that he could be heard preaching at a distance of a mile and a half. I dare say our "wife's" lungs were as good as Columba's. Moreover, she was the kindest creature, with a mother's interest in all living things younger than herself. She promptly took stock of us men, and pronounced us in low condition of health. "You are like boards," she said. "Come, you must be drinking plenty of the warm milk. There's nothing like the warm milk for making people sound." In furtherance of her plan, she daily appeared by the side of our red bed early in the morning with two tumblers full of thick cream. She put whiskey and sugar into the cream, and stood with her hands in her ribs, smiling like an executioner until we had taken the doses. After a time we fought against this luxury because it made us bilious; but there was no resisting our landlady, and so we were bilious to the last.

But it was in the evening of a long day in the water that our landlady seemed to us most like a strong-minded guardian angel. She would greet us at the door with a clamor of welcome above the barking of the dogs, and with exaggerated praise of our various fishes; and then pull off our grimy and sopping nether garments, and tickle us to distraction while washing our feet in warm water. If she caught us wincing over this agreeable agony she would pause for a moment to fly to the milk jug. "Take a droppie cream — yes, do; you'll be the better of it, poor fellow!" she would say, in a tone of the sincerest sympathy.

There was nothing servile about this good "wife." She received us into her house only at the special desire of a laird with whom she stood on terms of fairly equal friendship. She therefore made no pretence of respecting us overmuch. Indeed, when she heard how we earned our bread in England,

she was sorry for us. "Poor fellows, what a poverty-stricken life!" she exclaimed; and, to our glee, she insisted thereafter on presenting us with warm socks of her own making, and other trifles of a kind which it might be supposed a pair of paupers would be glad to have. The boy Murdoch, who helped in the park and with the sheep, had a comprehensible position; he was sure to rise; but what in the world would become of us, since at our time of life we had not yet got to the rank of a fully responsible shepherd, like her husband? She also took over the charge of our wardrobe, and began a course of darning and mending the most conscientious. "You shall go back to London, poor fellows, better than you came into Sutherlandshire," she said.

Such was our landlady, good soul!

The shepherd himself was an unassuming, thin man, civil and kind, and an excellent foil to his wife. He went to and fro, with three or four dogs at his heels, and now and again brought a sick sheep or lamb into the house to be killed or physicked.

Then there was a shapely daughter of the shepherd and his wife, a girl of seventeen, with a face and manners that seemed to ask a wider sphere for appreciation than this pent valley at the end of the world. She was as strong as a man, wore short, home-made frocks, and made us happy, dear girl, by treating us with a timid solicitude that showed her a chip of her mother's gracious block. There was talk of sending the girl to Inverness to be polished at a boarding-school. If she goes, she will astonish her school-mates by the length of her strides, and make them envious of her other graces.

The fourth and last inmate of the cottage, excluding the boy, who slept anywhere, was an ancient Highlander who had voyaged in many seas, so-journed in lands as distant as Prince Edward's Isle and New Orleans, and had now come back to his native shire for the final years of his dim old life. His relations were dead, and he boarded with the shepherd at so much a week.

Our landlady called him the "little mannie." He was very old and very weak. He coughed feebly in the night, and in the daytime crept about with blue lips, leaning heavily on a stick, and murmuring monosyllables that could with difficulty be heard. When the sun shone warmly, he liked to totter outside where the peats were stacked against the best end of the house, and here he would sit on the dark lumps, with his hands in his lap, looking away into nothingness, and breathing fast, for hours at a time. One night he was very ill. Our landlady thought he would die, and compassionated him by word and look to the utmost. She asked if we could do anything. The doctor lived twenty miles away, and the "little mannie" declined to incur the expense of a doctor's visit. We had therefore to trust to Providence and the chapter of accidents. I gave him one of Rigollet's mustard plasters. He had never seen the like before, and lay wondering at it until he declared he was better. This simple shock of surprise had such an effect upon him that he was soon able to go about as of yore, though his features were more pinched, his voice was weaker, and his legs and appetite were feebler.

I sketch these worthy northern folk because they seem to be worth sketching. But of course we were mainly concerned with the weather and the fish. It is a great advantage to be able to forecast the weather. We, for example, prophesied rain daily, and were seldom wrong. If the clouds hung low on the hills before us, they soon fell in solution round about us. If there were no clouds, and the day broke fair with a blue sky, there was unanimous shaking of heads. It was like human perfection, a state the most to be distrusted. A north wind brought cold rain, a south wind warm rain; and the difference between the rain of the west and the east wind was only a difference of quantity. As for the north-west and the south-east, they gave us deluges, one of which kept me the wrong side of the river for twenty-four wet and weary hours. I passed the night of this most

rainy of days in a wretched shieling that faced the candle-light in our good shepherd's cottage. The river roared and swept a torrent of water between us. Not even Saint Columba could have made himself heard above its hoarse bellowing. And I was sufficiently thankful for the shelter I got, to be almost oblivious of the multitudes of fleas which assailed me in this dark little storehouse of the last season's fleeces. In fact, "a wee bittie soft!" is the best that can be said of a Sutherlandshire day; and many a time a long storm came to swell the river and bring new fish up from the sea, eager to speculate in the matter of flies. Laborious then were our walks home in the gloaming! The valley seemed interminable, and the bogs resolved to engulf us. Even the moon was no help to us here. Her pallid light did but urge our limbs into greater peril, and attune Murdoch the boy for eerie narratives of the goblins and evil spirits whom he believed—and not without reason—to be the most important inhabitants of the district.

But, to my friend's horror, I soon had to confess that I did not care for fishing. It was well enough as a novelty. After a time, however, the charm of standing knee-deep in the water from 9 A.M. until 7 P.M. began to fade. It would have been more encouraging, no doubt, if the fish had come to me. But this they declined to do. My friends had good luck. I had just the luck that always attends upon the half-hearted; so that when I had fished industriously for six or seven hours in succession, and caught nothing, I began to feel myself absolved from the duty of enthusiasm about the merits of this kind of sport. And as for breaking the heads of the hapless and beautiful salmon, and cutting their throats when they were safely landed on the heathery banks of the loch, that seemed to me awful butchery. As a true lover of nature, I preferred to sit on a boulder with my legs in the water, and smoke the hours away, with nothing harder to do than to count how many rainbows studded the atmosphere in a given hour.

And indeed this was a blissful spot for an idle man. What, for instance, could be more delightful than to lie on the springy heath tufting a scar of rock by the waterside, and watch the changes in the sky, the shadows in the valley to the left, and the crested waves of the sea where they rolled with a voice of thunder upon the sands to the right?

At such a time, the loch is merely a mirror for the green hillocks and grey cliffs which half surround it, and for the white hump of granite which stands like a sentinel at the seaward end of it. Then beautiful to behold are the dark rushes, the purple heather, and the russet bracken that fringe the capes of yellow sand which run into the loch where the river joins it from our valley. From the steep side of the Red Mountain, which rises behind our cottage, comes the bleating of our shepherd's sheep. They find juicy pasture on the verdant slopes between the many burns that fall down with varying tumult into the river of the loch.

On a day so placid, none but baby trout will be leaping, and nothing may seduce even them save a grasshopper just caught, and bruised to death before being impaled. The bigger trout are as lethargic as the day. Even the seagulls scream lazily from the shore, and the ten wild geese that periodically scud over the water in a band, are by far the most energetic creatures of bulk in sight. The water is covered with a curious ruin of daddy-longlegs, who for some occult reason have collapsed upon the loch, and now drift about in futile temptation for the fickle fish. Though the day is warm, the sun is more than half veiled by diaphanous still clouds, pendent in the air.

But alas! the scene and surroundings are not wholly of Paradise. With conditions so very favorable for their enjoyment of life, the midges may be expected in myriads. They are, in fact, infernal. They gyrate in thick circles round the head, singing and stinging at their pleasure; and battalions of them find a way up the tightest of sleeves. Even Topsack the dog—

an amiable lurcher who goes with us to the fishing — can get no rest from them. She snaps at them as she snaps at the flies, but she makes no impression upon their numbers, though she despatches them by mouthfuls. Perhaps the flies of the fourth plague of Egypt were the same as the midges of Sutherlandshire. Otherwise, Pharaoh was spared an infliction as bad as any of the ten plagues. Nor could the king of Egypt have had recourse to tobacco, which is a bar — though a very slight bar — to the impetuosity of the attacks of these midges.

Once having cast off my allegiance to the fish, I breathed freely, and looked about for other diversion. We were less than fifteen miles from Cape Wrath. Naturally, therefore, I thought of walking to this headland with so fit a name. "Oh, I'm sure," said our landlady, when I told her of my intentions, "and I will come with you." Now, I had already seen the good "wive" in her best clothes, which she always assumed for a journey with an important incident at the end of it; and I did not think them a proper garb for a long, soft flounder over the hills. The dear old dame's Sabbath bonnet was a high, black pyramid of crape, and she was wont to cover it with a white pocket-handkerchief to protect it from the rain. For excursions, moreover, she wore her gown tucked up so that it really did not cover her knees. Accordingly, I told her that the walk to Cape Wrath would be too much for her. I could not have gone about the matter in a worse way. "Too much for *me*!" she exclaimed, and she gave me my surname as if I were a laird — a habit of hers when displeased. "*I* shall be the better of it. It will be *you* that will be the worse of it." Then, however, she repented her temper, and smiled, as she added: "Come, drink a droppie warm milk before you go. It's not every day you'll be near me. Yes, I'm sure you shall have it." As she called her daughter to fetch the beverage, and herself stayed by the door the while, this could not be avoided; and so I started abruptly for the walk, uneasily conscious of holding

within me about a pint and a half of new milk and a noggin of cream.

The shepherd himself guided me as far as the valley immediately adjoining our valley in the direction of the Cape. Here was a house with a green roof and damp inner walls, standing like our own cottage on the bank of a river. The inmates could claim to be ten miles distant from a post-office — something worth vaunting in the last decade of our century. They were new-comers. Their predecessor, poor fellow, had lost several of his children in this wet and lonely house, and in grief had at length gone elsewhere. But the present shepherd's offspring — dark-eyed little savages, with long black hair and naked feet — looked hearty and well, while peeping on tiptoe by the door of the room in which we sat entertained with tea and pancakes.

From this hospitable little hut, I went north by myself, over moorland, and bogs, and mountain masses. Track there was none, and a mist might have sent me to a precipice on the sea-board. It was a gusty and cheerful walk, lonely enough for an anchorite. Save sheep and sundry grouse that dropped feathers upon me in the haste of their tardy flight, I saw no living creature till I reached the lighthouse gate. There were black storm-clouds in the sky, but they all blew out to sea and rained their torrents upon the deck of a luckless steamer that tossed up and down in the fierce waters of the rapid tide that runs ever about the crimson cliffs of the Cape. For retrospect, there was the most northerly of the Western Isles, the Isle of Lewis, a few faint mounds on the horizon line thirty miles away. And one treacherous bog, deeper than the rest, gave an element of excitement to my journey.

As a lighthouse, that of Cape Wrath is not remarkable. It dates back to 1828, and knows nothing of modern improvements. But it is certainly as bold and bleak an outpost against the winds and the waves as ever tested the mind and body of a lighthouse-keeper. The cliffs drop four hundred feet into the sea, and gigantic pinnacles of red gran-

ite stand riven from the mainland like bulwarks to the north and west.

I think I shall never forget the night I spent here. Such luxuries as a piano, a great fire of peats, tea with muffins and jam, and a store of books, could in no wise keep off the moans of the wind, which came through key-holes and window-chinks, and surged down the chimney-shaft, without a moment of cessation. At first it was only enlivening, but later it became a serious drag on the spirits. At ten o'clock I went out into the night, to meet the howls face to face. A gale was then blowing, so that it was all but impossible to oppose the wind. The sky was full of thick scud, which raced over a young moon shining timidly on the troubled sea. The waves beat upon the rocks with the noise of thunderclaps. And, unperturbed by all this Walhalla of tempest, the broad beams of red and yellow light above my head moved slowly on their course, illumining the sea and the land.

After this there was nothing for it but to go to bed, warmed by the fight with the wind. But its continued dolorous wailing made me reflect on my sins until I fell asleep.

Probably no kind of man needs a wife more than the keeper of a lighthouse. Unsolaced by feminine attractions, he would drift towards insanity. Imagine then the bereavement of such a man, in the loss of his wife! Thus isolated from the world, how could the poor fellow expect to be able to replace her? Well, for the encouragement of humble-minded bachelors and widowers throughout the land, let it go forth that the lighthouse-keeper of Cape Wrath has sought and found domestic comfort in the columns of the *Matrimonial News*. He has drawn a prize. No doubt, however, the world is full of such prizes.

And here I should like to say a few words about the ladies of this remote county of Sutherlandshire. Some good blood may be found on these borders where the North Sea meets the Atlantic. There are families with pedigrees many feet long; but alas! with the

spirit of the times the males of these families have been drawn away; and they are now often represented by knots of lovely ladies, who, if they have ever sighed for husbands, have sighed in vain. These ladies are as apt at Gaelic as at English, tell stories as gracefully as Dean Ramsay himself, overflow with engaging individuality, and have as much beauty of face as a reasonable man may look for in his wife. A commonplace Southerner, who finds himself privileged as a guest in a Sutherlandshire house, cannot fail to lose his heart. However, it does not follow that he will therefore necessarily gain a wife. For the ladies are as critical as they are kind, and where one will descend from her high estate of birth-right to take an unequal mate, ten will give the aspirant a civil "No, thank you," and treat his humble petitioning as only so much the more humorous material for the amusement of friends. I heard of one rich young Englishman, with almost everything in his favor, who went on his knees to four sisters in succession. The girls were all witty, and each in their turn laughed him on to his legs again. The eldest of them was twenty-five, and the youngest fifteen. There is such a freshness and vigor in the characters of these ladies of Sutherlandshire, that a discerning stranger may find a score of them strongly resembling Mr. Black's sweet Shiela of Stornoway. And, like Shiela, they would at first suffer not a little in giving up the freedom and air of their native heaths for the apparent tedium and restraint of conventional life in England. But oh,—

Blue eyes and laughing lips, beware! beware!

lest you doom yourselves to a sad extinction by your overweening love of fun, and hesitancy to make so great a sacrifice!

Sutherlandshire is somewhat romantic in other respects, besides its ladies. Here and there may be met an ancient laird of the soil in kilt and tartan, who, with the manners of a citizen of the world, will confess that he has never

been farther south than Inverness, which he visits annually for the great sheep-market, and the Highland gathering. The laird's house will, perhaps, be full of long portraits of red-nosed Jacobites, and, among other antediluvian matters of debate, the governmental prohibition of the tartan kilt, from 1747 to 1782, is almost sure to be discussed and abused, both on behalf of the laird's injured forefathers and others.

A gentleman of this stamp can tell tales of a kind to hold the attention of a naturalist for hours. There may be two or three eyries on his estate, and every spring one or other of his shepherds sees a lamb carried off in the talons of the king of birds. A visitation of weasels is worse even than the plague of eagles. Imagine an army of several thousands of these little animals marching across the land with the precision of soldiers, and all their teeth sharpened for whatever of flesh and blood they may chance to meet. On one such occasion the weasels came *vis-à-vis* with a boy and his horse. The boy was terror-struck, and had no time for flight, and a great part of him and the horse was consumed ere the weasels were driven from their bodies.

Nowhere is the institution of the Parcel Post more approved than in these extreme parts of Great Britain. A laird's daughter, who a year or two ago would perforce make her own gowns, now corresponds with her dress-maker in Edinburgh or London as naturally as with her friends. There is little fruit in the north of Sutherlandshire; but what can now be easier than to give a standing order for the transmission from Covent Garden of a small selected hamper daily or weekly, according to the needs of the house? The mail cars, which formerly could stow under the box-seat the mails for an area of five hundred square miles, are now piled high with the familiar big white baskets, full of heavy or breakable sundries. Again, the poorest shepherds' huts are now decorated with almanacs, and other trifles presented to them insidiously by the

travelling agents of Glasgow warehousemen, who have laid before the shepherd and his wife the advantages opened out to them by a beneficent postmaster-general. Hence the surprising spectacle of a bare-legged Highland lassie trying on a bonnet of the latest fashion, with which she proposes to dazzle her young friends and the minister on the approaching Sabbath. And more than once I met a shepherd's boy on the moors, miles from anywhere, laden as to his arms and back with packages he had been sent to fetch from the nearest post-office. Of course, the country shopkeepers suffer by this diversion of their customers. In Sutherlandshire, for example, the "wife" who does not now get her tea by Parcel Post from a large town is either very prejudiced, or very generous in her determination to pay fifty per cent. more for her tea than she need pay for it.

However blithe and full of sport were our weekdays in Sutherlandshire, it may be imagined that the Sundays were grave and leaden enough to take some of the light from them. It had never entered our landlady's head that several miles of very wet bog-land could prevent us from going to church when Sabbath came round.

"There's the warm milk on the table," she said, tying her bonnet strings, "and you shall put some of the whiskey in it. Then you shall walk to the kirk, and be there in time for the English service, when the minister has said the Gaelic."

As this was nothing less than temporary expulsion from the house, we submitted to her decree, and on the first two or three Sundays duly stumbled up the aisle of the church, wet and weather-stained, for the fag-end of a sermon that was by no means adapted to allay the very bad humor we were in.

Afterwards, we managed better, and learned to like the service. There was an old elder who "presented" the lines from Tate and Brady as preliminary encouragement for the congregation. He was a wry, weazened little fellow,

with a Carlylean expression of sadness ; but he had no ear for music ; and as he improvised a tune of his own he could not help leading the rest of us into a Stygian pool of unparalleled discordances. We enjoyed this very much. It was therefore a shock when, on the fourth Sunday, at the time of the Psalm, the minister called to a tall, red-haired young man, who could sing without quavering, and bade him supersede the elder. The latter gentleman looked at us under his shaggy grey eyebrows, as much as to say, "The sooner you go south again the better. Have I done the 'lining,' man and boy for forty years, to be thus humbled in my old age, in order that a couple of strangers may hear what is thought to be good singing ? Anyway, this big young man has little real unctuousness about him."

Small as this hamlet was, it held churches of two denominations—the Free and the Established. The latter seldom had a congregation of more than five, while the former, which we attended, was crowded for both services. Every one knows the tale about the elders who expostulated with their minister because he always preached on one of three subjects : original sin, regeneration, and eternal punishment. They begged him to give them something fresh. This, having lectured them for their discontent, he promised to do. Nevertheless, not a Sunday passed on which he did not drag in more or less irrelevant reference to his three favorite dogmas. It was the same here in Sutherlandshire. Our minister's Calvinism was of the gloomiest kind. Faces grew visibly longer as he proceeded with his chilling denunciations ; and he and his congregation sighed in unison about the miseries of time and the tortures of eternity. Once, however, a man fell asleep in the midst of it all. For a minute or two he was unobserved from the pulpit. Then came a dead silence. The minister reddened and looked very fierce.

"I think," he remarked in falsetto, "that those who sleep in church must have very cold hearts."

Unfortunately, this rebuke did not arouse the offender. The minister thereupon took the church Bible and banged it hard upon the skirting-board of the pulpit. The noise was outrageous, and this time the sleeper opened an eye. But, with an obstinacy that was truly great, the reprobate made no movement to show that his conscience was touched by a sense of his crime. He kept his head recumbent on his arms and his face turned away until the sermon ended, and the wrathful minister gave us leave to go home.

At another time we were honored by the presence of a "man" in church. He was one of the survivors of the formidable body of lay preachers, who in their day did much, in a rough fashion, to evangelize the Highlands. These itinerant preachers and prayers were known as the "men." They were not generally loved by the clergy of any denomination, because they considered it a duty publicly to criticise their ordained brethren, without the least regard for their feelings. On the other hand, the ordained clergy charged them with spiritual pride, and an overfondness for the free quarters and whiskey which they accepted as their due wherever they went. Thus it has come about that during the great religious occasion of the Highland year—communion week—when a "man" rises to address the multitude assembled from all parts of the country, every one knows what is coming. The priests may not like it, but the people do. These enthusiasts were men who, "in speaking to the question at religious meetings, brought all their mental vigor, untrammelled by learning, to bear upon the things of God." The Scotch writer just quoted proceeds curiously. "Never, surely, is there a more attractive exercise of intellect than when, divested of all literary acquirements, it enters directly into 'the mysteries of the kingdom,' and comes forth in a panoply of Scripture truth. Light from heaven then irradiates all the gifts of the speaker. Traces of learning, mingled with the halo of this light, would be spots of darkness." The "man."

whom we were privileged to see wore a white cotton nightcap, pointed with a tassel, and was wrapped to the chin in a thick plaid. In this singular costume he sat close under the pulpit, so that he might not lose a single word of the sermon, and with his face and manner so suggestive of a "chiel" taking notes for the complainant that he would certainly have discomfited a man less secure in his own self-esteem than our minister.

Some of these northern clergy are very eccentric men. We heard of one poor fellow who as a bachelor had to submit to the tyranny of an aunt or an elder sister in the guise of housekeeper. As if to hint to her that he would rather be alone, the minister one day invited the carpenter into the house and got the lady's measure. By and by a coffin appeared. It was put under the minister's own bed for security, and perhaps that he might the more often comfort himself with the sight of it. However, it happened that the housekeeper suddenly went away to be married, and then, such is the perversity of human nature, the minister himself pined and died, and was buried in the coffin he had bought for another.

The same minister twice held this Sutherlandshire cure. He was first summoned from it by a call from an influential community in Glasgow. But after a time, the fickle townspeople had had enough of him, and contrived to make him abdicate. He then returned to the north, humbled in spirit and broken in health, and sought to regain his earlier manse. The authorities were willing, but the parishioners were not. And finally he had to be re-inducted at the point of the bayonet. His congregation thereafter seldom or never numbered as many as four. With such a sad experience of life and the ways of men, no wonder the poor fellow became whimsical, and fell a ready prey to feminine despotism. His is the only grave in the little churchyard of his whitewashed church by the side of a loch, where it joins the sea. A vigorous young rowan-tree is planted at the head of it to memorialize him.

Well, at length the time came for us to leave our sequestered little valley. The season grew late, and it was mortally cold throwing the fly for fish that got less and less inquisitive about the strange works of art with which we tempted them. The winds, too, blew gales every other day, and the rain fell in sheets. Where the river ran through the loch into the sea, there was constant angry strife between the full, chocolate-colored waves of the peaty stream, and the tall green breakers of the Atlantic.

Our cottage now showed that it was not watertight. It was not so bad as the houses in Lewis, where a man pulls on his sea-boots before getting off his bed. But neither was it all it might have been. The wet oozed through the thick thatch and the birch-bark under the thatch, and dropped upon us and our chattels with great impartiality.

Other signs indicated that the year was hurrying towards the dark months. We were visited by various itinerants—bronzed, bearded men in blue jerseys, with ear-rings in their ears, and smelling of the sea; pedlars moving south, etc. Our landlady was flustered by so much company, and the frequent need of lowering her skirts that she might receive her guests with grace. The herring-boats had discharged their crews, and the men were making for home from Wick and Thurso, with the few pounds or shillings in their pockets which stood for the remnant of their meagre earnings during months of toil. One day a man appeared with a phial of pearls, some white, some brown. They were from mussels at the mouth of a neighboring river. In old days the lords of Reay gave their wives rich necklets of these jewels, all found on their estate. But nowadays the finds are scanty and poor.

Moreover our good "wive" began to arrange her wheel for spinning the wool used in knitting and weaving throughout the winter. "She is black and old, but she is a good easy thing. She goes well with the grease in her, and the wool it comes from her well too." Thus we heard the whirr of the wheel as well

as the patter of the rain, the rush of the river, and the cry of the wind.

And so it came to pass that on one rather sorrowful day we said good-bye to the place, under pressure drank a parting glass of cream, and climbed the opposite hillsides towards the south. The valley was half veiled with watery mist when we saw it last from the brow of the hill; but the green pastures of our cottage, the crimson shading of the heather on the slopes, and the long course of the river where it ran towards the distant loch, were visible through the mist.

From The Fortnightly Review.

SOCIAL TRAITS OF THE DUTCH IN JAVA.

In a certain charming passage in his "Journal Intime" Amiel gives us his theory of society. In it he sees an attempt on the part of the cultivated classes to reconstruct an ideal past, or to formulate "a harmony of things which every-day reality denies to us, and of which art alone gives us a glimpse. In society," he says, "people are expected to behave as if they lived on ambrosia and concerned themselves with nothing but the loftiest interests. Anxiety, need, passion, have no existence. All realism is suppressed as brutal. In a word, what we call 'society' proceeds for the moment on the flattering, illusory assumption that it is moving in an ethereal atmosphere and breathing the air of the gods." The truth of this picture seems the more remarkable when we consider that it comes from the pen of a learned recluse. But Amiel is careful to point out that he is speaking only of "society" as it appears in the Old World. At first sight the existence of cultivated communities, such as the planters of Virginia, thousands of miles away from Europe, would seem to show that this limitation is too rigorous. But the contradiction is more apparent than real; for such societies are European in all but the accident of geographical position. The settlers have changed "temperature," not "temperament." This is eminently

the case with the Dutch in Java. In that fertile island is to be found a social system in which the characteristic traditions of European society have not only been preserved, but in which the conditions of the place have been used to accentuate the aristocratic instincts common to the higher classes of all European nations.

We are so accustomed to speak and write of our great Asiatic possession as "India" that few people remember now that the original "India" of the East India Company was not India at all, but Java. It was here, and not in India, that Captain Lancaster founded the first settlement of the Company in 1602. Compared with British India of to-day, Java—with the rest of the Dutch East Indies thrown in, for the matter of that—appears almost trivial. But this comparative insignificance does not prevent Java from being in itself a singularly valuable possession, nor palliate the blunder which was committed by the British government in surrendering this island to its present masters in 1814. With an area scarcely larger than that of England, it has a population of twenty-three million inhabitants. Its people are possessed of a classic literature, and their past history is illuminated by the vast ruins of fanes and cities built at the period of the Hindu supremacy. It is a very garden for fertility.

The business of the great majority of the Dutch residents in the island is to *rule*. Of course, there are merchants and planters as well as officials. But even where commerce in some form or other is the immediate object in view, the merchant or planter is so continuously brought into contact with native races that the possession of a certain capacity for command is a condition precedent to success. Moreover, the Dutch in Java are not mere birds of passage as the English are in India. To assure himself of this the visitor has only to glance round the streets of Weltrevreden, the European quarter of Batavia, in the early morning, and observe the troops of boys and girls who are to be seen on their way to school.

Although the island lies only a few degrees south of the equator, its comparative narrowness and insularity, combined with the high levels of the mountainous plateaux of the interior, render it suitable for European occupation. The painful separation of parents and children, necessary in British India, is not necessary in Java, and when children are sent home to be educated it is from social and not climatic considerations. Although many of the Dutch in Java do indeed look forward to returning to Holland after they have made a fortune, on the other hand, no inconsiderable proportion of the residents are persons whose families have been settled in the island for several generations, and for whom Java is "home." It should be remembered also that there are only fifty thousand Europeans to twenty-three million natives. For the Dutch in Java, therefore, life is worth living; since the abundance and cheapness of native labor has placed that "leisure" which is so necessary an element in the higher social life conspicuously within their reach. Only lately in this review¹ "Ouida" has lamented the disappearance of the social butterfly in England. "There are no butterflies in this fast, furious, fussy age. They all died in the eighteenth century," she says. Their place has been taken by the "locust." Not the locust known to Eastern travellers and Biblical students, but a greedy, two-legged creature, characterized by a capacity for "stoking" and an excessive subservency to persons in the possession of certain material advantages. We read² that on the slopes of Mount Arjoeno Mr. Wallace found a specimen of the rare and beautiful calliper butterfly. Perhaps if "Ouida" were transported to the Tropics she might find her social butterfly flitting among the Ionic pillars and radiant gardens with which the Dutch surround their East Indian homes.

We know the sort of character which such conditions produce. Manipur has

given us an example of the type of woman which similar surroundings and traditions develop among Anglo-Indians. Still more recently we have had the spectacle of Lady Euan Smith coolly photographing the Moorish ruffians who attacked the British Embassy at Fez. A consciousness of racial superiority, and a certain inherited aptitude for command, form the leading "note" in the character of the European residents in Dutch as in British India. This, together with a certain natural luxuriousness associated with the tropical climate and tropical verdure, and the abundance of native labor before mentioned, have united in reproducing in the Dutch communities in Java some of the characteristics of ancient Greek and Roman society based upon the institution of slavery.

But that which is at first sight the most remarkable feature in the Dutch mode of life is one in no way indicative of a high social standard. It is a certain peculiarity of dress, food, and domestic arrangements that rivets the attention of the new arrival. Of these Javan eccentricities that which is most in evidence, and most considerable in itself, is the combined novelty and scantiness of the costume in which the Dutch array themselves for the best part of the day. In the matter of dress they appear to have adopted the old Greek notions; and in Java, as in Hellas, a superfluity of dress has become an unfailing indication of the stranger. It is easy to understand why the light and comfortable cotton and silk garments used by both men and women should be adopted in a tropical climate; it is the extraordinary carelessness and slovenliness with which such garments are worn that is reprehensible. It is not merely that the Dutch ladies have partially adopted the native costume, but such is the magical effect of climate that both men and women display a strange disregard of the proprieties when dressed in the remarkable *dis-habille* which they respectively affect. Constant bathing is both necessary and delightful in such a climate, but that fact is not in itself a sufficient excuse

¹ The *Fortnightly* for December.

² Malay Archipelago.

for a gentleman appearing at the public breakfast in his hotel dressed in his sleeping suit, and with a towel thrown over his shoulder. But in Java such incidents are in no way uncommon.

The visitor is soon initiated, for these eccentricities of manners and costume are nowhere else so pronounced as in the courtyard of an hotel. The appearance of the building is in all respects somewhat startling to persons fresh from Europe or Australia. The huge portico, with its Greek pillars, its marble floor, and motley groups of Europeans, interspersed with dark-skinned native servants, presents a picture in which there is a decided but not unpleasant suggestion of Asiatic life. In passing through the reception and dining rooms to the back of the hotel, he notices little that is novel. It is only on entering the courtyard, round which the majority of the bedrooms — his own included — are ranged, that he realizes how entirely novel and amusing is the dwelling of which he has become a temporary inmate. In the broad verandahs on either side of the tree-planted and gravelled space are ladies and gentlemen sitting in lounge chairs, singly or in groups, in the most *négligé* attitudes and the scantiest but most brilliant costumes. Here and there a solitary man reclines at ease, with a table by his side, in an ample cane-seated chair, over the long arms of which he throws his legs in an attitude more comfortable than elegant. Native servants run to and fro in and among the guests, and pedlars — Malay, Javanese, or Chinese — are doing a brisk trade with their flimsy wares. The cabs and well-appointed carriages which drive in and out of the courtyard serve to heighten the incongruity of the scene, for the strange figures in the verandahs show no discomposure in conversing with the smartly attired occupants of cabs or carriages.

In such an atmosphere of novelty the European visitor is naturally prepared for surprises. Nor is he disappointed. The very bed on which he reclines at night affords him considerable opportunity for reflection. At first sight it

never occurred to him that the great square object — looking with its covering of mosquito curtains more like a huge birdcage than anything else — was a bed. He knows better now, and proceeds to examine it with interest before turning in for the night. He finds that the large square mattress is covered by a sheet, but otherwise entirely devoid of bedclothing; at the top are two pillows for the head, and down the centre is placed a long round bolster called a Dutch wife. This scarcely comes up to his notion of what a bed should be, but after he has slept (or tried to sleep) for two or three nights in the hot, steamy atmosphere of Batavia, he changes his mind. He finds that bedclothes are not wanted in the coast towns of Java, and in particular he learns to appreciate the relief which he experiences by throwing arm or leg over that useful contrivance for securing coolness, the Dutch wife. Again he feels a sort of natural timidity when the next morning he follows his "boy," or native servant, to the distant bath-room. He has never walked so far in his pyjamas before in broad daylight. The bath-room, too, is not quite what he expected. For in Java, as in some other Eastern countries, the bather, instead of getting into the bath, takes water from a square cistern, or some other receptacle for water, and pours it with a hand-bucket over himself as he stands in the centre of the marble (or brick) floored room. *Apropos* of this system of bathing there is an amusing story told of a newly arrived midshipman at Singapore. Finding a huge earthenware jar in the middle of an otherwise empty room, he concluded that this was the bath, and after some difficulty succeeded in getting into it. Once in, he could not get out. At last in desperation he rolled the jar over on to the hard floor and triumphantly emerged from the fragments. In my own case I was most disturbed in using these hotel bath-rooms by a harrowing reflection as to the waste water. It ran away at the edges of the marble floor; that was plain enough; but did it come back again through the efforts of the

coolie outside who was always pumping so industriously? I never cleared up the point quite satisfactorily.

But to return to the subject of dress. In their offices, and generally when engaged in business, the Dutch officials and merchants wear canvas suits similar to those worn in British India, with or without black coats; and when they appear in public, either in the streets or at entertainments, they are characterized by a certain precision in their dress. But once at home and they lose no opportunity of returning to the domestic pyjamas. These garments only differ from the sleeping suits so-called in being very loose and covered with large and brilliantly colored patterns. The modification of the native dress adopted by the Dutch ladies is entirely novel. It consists solely of two garments—the *sarong* and the *kabaia*—and slippers. Of these the first, the *sarong*, is the characteristic Malay dress. It is a piece of silken material about two yards long by four feet deep, which is wrapped round the lower part of the body and fastened with a twist at the waist. The weaving of *sarongs* is one of the native industries, and the Javanese women display considerable taste both in designing patterns and in blending colors. Above the *sarong* is worn the *kabaia*, a straight, loose jacket, made of fine lawn muslin or linen, and daintily trimmed with lace. Decorated Javanese slippers form the sole covering which is considered necessary for the feet. This costume is worn till four or five in the afternoon, when both men and women dress in European clothes. Strict etiquette limits the appearance of young ladies in it to their private apartments; and it is usual to put on European dress when receiving strangers, even in the daytime. At the same time the advantages of the costume, its coolness, convenience, and the fact that there is practically no limit to the number of times it can be changed, cause it to be very generally worn all day long, with the exception of a few hours in the early evening.

It is especially in the late afternoon that the Dutch take exercise. At this

time the broad, tree-lined streets of Weltrevreden present a pleasing spectacle. Everywhere ladies and gentlemen—often whole families—are seen walking or driving in the cool air. The appearance of the Dutch at this time presents no peculiarity except such as is involved in the sensible habit of dispensing with hats and bonnets. To an English eye a man out of doors in a frock coat does look somewhat odd without a hat. The ladies, however, have a pretty fashion of placing natural flowers in their hair, an addition which quite compensates for the absence of hat or bonnet.

Before leaving the subject of these Javan eccentricities it is necessary to mention a certain curious dish of which every traveller gives a full and particular account, and which, indeed, may justly be remembered among the surprises in store for the European visitor. In Java, as in most really warm countries, it is customary to rise early and to take a cup of tea or coffee, together with a biscuit and some fruit, immediately on leaving one's bed. This is followed by a more substantial breakfast; but the first really serious meal is served at half past twelve, and is the equivalent of the French *déjeuner à la fourchette* or the Anglo-Indian *tiffin*. This meal is called rice-table (*rys-tafel*), from the principal dish—a very elaborate curry, in the preparation of which the Malay cooks are especially skilful. The peculiarity of the rice-table consists in the number and variety of dishes presented. From these dishes the guest has to select the materials which, together with the rice upon the soup plate before him, are to constitute his curry. It is also as well to know beforehand that one is not required to lunch solely on curry, but that the rice-table is succeeded by courses of ordinary luncheon dishes. It is a case, therefore, of *embarras de richesses*. There are two dangers to be avoided. In the first place it is quite possible, in spite of the number of the dishes presented singly, to say nothing of an octagonal tray containing a separate chutney in each of its nine compart-

ments, to get no lunch at all. For nothing is easier than, after saying "Nein" to a succession of frivolous compounds, to dismiss the one solid and palatable dish capable of sustaining an Englishman till dinner-time. The second danger is that of making up one's curry "not wisely but too well," and leaving neither appetite nor capacity for the beefsteak or for any of the other solid dishes which subsequently appear, and which under these circumstances only produce a feeling of mingled horror and consternation. It is then that one suddenly realizes that the rice-table is merely a sort of tremendous *hors d'œuvre*.

The novelty and picturesqueness which seems at first sight to wholly characterize the life of the Dutch in Java, too often excludes the visitor from any consideration of its more serious aspects. Further study, however, reveals the fact that this bizarre exterior encloses a social system which is singularly well regulated. In governing the twenty-three million natives in the island, the Dutch have wisely utilized existing customs and institutions. In particular they have enlisted the services of the native rulers—the Javanese "princes," as they are called—in the work of administration. Consequently in each of the districts into which the twenty-four "residences" of Java are subdivided there is a double set of officials—native and European. At the head of these stands the assistant resident, a Dutch official whose relationship to the regent, or hereditary Javan prince, is well indicated by the official phrase, "elder brother." These officials, scattered over Java and the Dutch East Indies generally, form the basis of the European society. In his interesting romance, "Max Havelaar," M. Edouard Dekker gives us a picture of official life in Java. Max Havelaar, who is the hero of the story and is represented as the assistant resident at Lebak, is not intended to be an ordinary official. On the contrary, he is a man of quixotic charities and strange philosophic beliefs; a man to whom "economy was a difficult thing," and

who scarcely looked upon his employment as a "source of emolument." Making due allowance for the obvious intention of the author to expose the evils of the "culture," or government plantation system, we can still gather from the book some of those truths of "type" which it is the province of fiction to portray. It is interesting, therefore, to find that the home of the assistant resident at Lebak is represented to be the home of a highly cultivated man. Max Havelaar has in his study "not many books," but among them such as these: "Schiller, Goethe, Heine, Lamartine, Thiers, Say, Malthus, Scioloja, Smith, Shakespeare, Byron." Beside the companionship of his wife and son, he enjoys the society of the controller and of a military officer. At the resident's dinner-table the principles of art and philosophy are discussed, and the views of the speakers are supported by allusions to cathedrals and pictures. In short, the conversation of Max Havelaar and his associates is represented to be that of travelled and well-informed persons. The description of Madame Havelaar is also that of a well-bred woman. "I will tell you," says the author, "that Madame Havelaar was not beautiful, but that she still had in language and look something very charming, and she showed very plainly, by the ease of her manner, that she had been in the world, and was at home in the higher classes of society." In speaking of the relationship existing between the native princes and the Dutch officials, M. Dekker makes it plain that the position of the latter is often one of some difficulty. The princes, he says, are superior in wealth, rank, and local information to the European officials; moreover, "a regent, as representing the Javanese element, and being considered the mouthpiece of the hundred thousand or more inhabitants of his regency, is also in the eyes of the government a much more important personage than the simple European officer." It is only "the innate courtesy of the Javanese grandee" which makes the position tolerable. It

is not necessary, therefore, to suppose that the descriptions of Max Havelaar and his wife are highly colored. The Dutch are a scholarly people, and it is clear that the conditions of the government are such as to require in a successful official in Java as in India something more than mere education. During my stay in Java I met with an opponent of the present system as earnest and as scholarly as Max Havelaar. I well remember how he emphasized his remarks by a resonant quotation from Livy. There was a party now in Holland, he said, in favor of Christianizing and educating the natives; but, he concluded, "They are powerless. *Pars major vincit meliorem partem.*"

Nor are the planters and merchants generally inferior in cultivation to the officials. Both of these classes are by no means exclusively composed of Dutchmen, but include many Englishmen among them. They are recruited from the upper classes in Holland and England, and are fairly wealthy and very hospitable. The country houses and bungalows of the planters in particular are often charmingly set in mountain scenery, and both buildings and gardens are kept in excellent order. To some extent the planters, in representing the principle of free commerce, are opposed to the officials. On the other hand, they are allied to the native princes by the similarity of their pursuits, for both planters and princes are fond of sport, and both alike are brought into close, and almost feudal, relations with the natives. This is especially the case in the Preanger Regencies — a district which, roughly speaking, occupies the southern half of the western extremity of the island. It is the Scotland of Java, and here both the planters and the native princes are distinguished for their social qualities and for their fondness for sport. Horse-racing in particular has of late become very popular in this part of the island, and both planters and princes keep large studs of country-breds and imported racers. I had not been many hours at the comfortable bungalow of an English planter in this district before I was invited to

inspect the stables. They were constructed of bamboo and were kept in excellent order. Beside some smart country-bred ponies, I was shown a new arrival from Australia. He and his native jock, Entong, were just going to Bandong to train. He was expected to do great things, in particular to lower the colors of the regent of Tjandjoer, a great patron of the turf, and at that time owner of the fastest horse in Java. In spite of the fact that the interests of the planters and those of the officials do not always coincide, the social position of the former is well established, and they are gladly welcomed both in the clubs and in general society in Batavia.

Now to glance for a moment at this society as it appears in its collective form at Batavia. Remembering the importance of the official element in Java it is not surprising that the social observances of the Dutch should be marked by a good deal of ceremony. To take an example. In spite of the great heat and the laxity otherwise displayed in the matter of dress, custom rigorously prescribes the costume in which a man must appear in paying a call. It consists of a frock coat, white duck trousers, and white cotton gloves; often no hat is worn. Moreover, in paying a formal call an intimation of the caller's intention must previously be despatched. Such calls are made between seven and eight in the evening, and last an unbecomingly long time, during which iced water is handed round in elaborate glasses in place of the familiar tea or coffee. The behavior of young ladies is regulated by the strict rules of old-fashioned Continental society. In this respect, however, Batavian etiquette is likely to be modified by the influence of the English residents, who have succeeded in establishing a paper-chase (on horseback), and introducing lawn tennis.

A good deal of the social life of Batavia is connected with the clubs — institutions for which the Dutch are rather famous. The two most important of the Batavian clubs, the *Societeit Harmonie* and the *Militaire Societeit Concordia*, frequently give concerts and

other entertainments. The Saturday evening concert at the Concordia seemed to me one of the pleasantest entertainments I had ever attended. In the still, warm air a gaily dressed crowd, among whom the military officers were conspicuous by their uniforms, promenaded, or sat round little round tables, where their wants were supplied by picturesque native servants. The kiosks were brilliantly lighted, and the staff band, which is said never to leave the capital and to be the best in the East Indies, was playing. Another regular function of Batavian society is the Sunday afternoon gathering in the Waterloo Plain, when "all the world," except the very select few, assemble on horseback or in carriages to listen to the band which plays by the Waterloo Column in the centre of the plain. As in every small and highly organized society, there are numerous "sets" in Batavia. The "select few" I mention above consist of the members of the East India Council and certain great personages, such as the general and the admiral, and their families. Such persons do not leave their carriages in attending a Concordia concert.

The general style of living which obtains among the Europeans in Java is very similar to that of the English in India. The natives make excellent servants; and the cheapness of labor causes even small establishments to wear an air of luxury. Before leaving Java I stayed for some days with friends at Weltvredden, and I will describe this house as being characteristic of those of the European residents generally. It stood in a large "compound," which was excellently turfed (there were capital lawn-tennis courts in one corner of it), and planted with handsome trees and shrubs. The house itself consisted of an oblong, one-storied building, covered with a high-pitched roof of red tiles, and having a large portico in front and a deep verandah behind. The roof of the portico was supported by tall pillars and its floor was formed of squares of marble; it was fully furnished, and was used for all the purposes of a reception-room. The folding

doors of the portico led to an atrium or inner reception-room; behind this was the dining-room, which in turn opened on to the verandah at the back. These two central chambers occupied one half of the whole area of the house, and as they were both alike provided with large double doors, were kept delightfully cool by the current of air which passed through them from the open chambers at back and front. The space on either side was occupied by the bedrooms and private apartments of my hosts; they also opened into the larger rooms and into each other. In addition to the house itself there were two ranges of buildings on either side of the back compound. At the extremity of both of these ranges were suites of guest-chambers facing the house, with which they were connected by covered passages. In addition to these rooms they provided space for the kitchens, bath-rooms, stables, and servants' quarters.

It is evident that such a house is not only admirably adapted for the requirements of the climate, but that the life of its occupants is marked by a certain simple luxury. The portico was used constantly and for every purpose except those of sleeping and dining. It was here that I wrote letters in the early morning, or read later on when I had returned from a gallop in the King's Plain. It was here, too, that we had afternoon tea, and smoked and talked after dinner as we watched the moon rise behind the dark trees in the compound.

Dinner is regarded as a function of scarcely less importance in Java than it is in Europe. It is served at a somewhat late hour in a large and well-ventilated room, in which the windows are only partially closed by bamboo blinds or tatties. Into this chamber scents from the tropical plants in the compound, and sounds from the world beyond, are freely borne. But of the aspect which Batavia assumes at this hour I may, perhaps, be allowed to repeat what I have elsewhere written.¹

¹ A Visit to Java. Bentley.

"After nightfall this place becomes a veritable fairyland. The open porticoes of the Dutch houses are seen to be thronged with gaily dressed people, the ladies often still wearing the *sarong*, and looking like Æneas's mother —

Proved to be a goddess by her stately tread, and in harmony with the pillars and pediments about them. Everywhere lights gleam through foliage, and ever and again, through an air instinct with electric movement and heavy with perfumes, strains of music reach the ear from the open doorways, or are wafted in the distance from one of the numerous bands, which are ever 'discoursing sweet music' to the society of the capital."

W. BASIL WORSFOLD.

From The Leisure Hour.
ORTEGAL TO ST. VINCENT.

BY RICHARD BEYNON, F.R.G.S.

EVER since England has boasted a mercantile marine of any consequence, the strip of littoral comprised between the limits of these capes has proved to British vessels a danger-area of the greatest importance. Even so far back as the days of Elizabeth, when our rivalry with Spain reached its climax, many an English ship intent upon despoiling the wealthy Don left its ribs to rot upon this inhospitable coast. Side by side with them lie the remains of cumbrous Spanish galleons, reputed to be laden with hoards of fabulous value, sent to the bottom, some by the indomitable prowess of their British foes, and others by the fury of the tempests that break upon this rock-bound coast, the sea-wall of western Europe, as it has not inaptly been described.

In 1702, during the war of the Spanish Succession, the combined French and Spanish fleets sheltered in Vigo Bay, and there the gallant Sir George Rooke attacked them, storming the town, capturing eleven great galleons, and burning and sinking others. This singeing of the king of Spain's beard, as the Elizabethan heroes would de-

scribe it, by burning and sinking Spanish war and treasure vessels, has done much to formulate and foster the traditions relative to the immense hoards of treasure supposed to lie buried in the sea-bed adjacent to this coast. If but a little of what rumor says is true, then there is sufficient treasure and wreckage to more than realize the imagery of Clarence's dream.

Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks.
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearls,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scattered in the bottom of the sea.

Recent years have contributed in a much lesser degree to swell these not altogether mythical stores of sunken wealth, but the "fearful wrecks" show a decided increase. Of course, this increase is in part accounted for by the expansion that the world's sea trade has undergone. The traffic along the coast too has greatly developed since the opening of the Suez Canal, the route for English steamers bound eastwards lying along the whole length of this dangerous coast.

The wreck charts show that the average number of British vessels totally lost each year between Ortegal and Finisterre is between seven and eight, while the number of serious disasters that are of a less total character amount to double that number. This is a big wreck roll for a strip of coast only five hundred miles in length. Some of the losses, however, must be regarded as unpreventable, the vessels succumbing to stress of weather, without absolutely striking the rocks of the mainland or the outlying islets.

Before discussing the causes that contribute to these disasters it will be well to allude to a few of them.

On January 18, 1887, the Brentford, a steamship of thirteen hundred tons, bound from Newport (Mon.) to Malta, with coal, went ashore during thick weather at a spot about ten miles north-east of Peniche, and out of her complement of twenty-four hands only one escaped to tell the tale of the loss of the vessel.

In September of the same year the Matthew Cay was lost two miles north of Cape Finisterre lighthouse, and ten of her crew were drowned.

The British Princess, a wooden barque of thirteen hundred and forty-six tons, went ashore on Minho Bar. This was in the March following. Out of her crew of twenty-three hands, twenty-two were drowned.

The Priam, a fine steamer outward bound, with a crew of forty-two and five passengers, to China, struck on January 11, 1889, the rocks lying half a mile from Sissargas light. Sissargas is a headland situated between Corunna and Finisterre. Five minutes after striking, the vessel broke in two, and five of the crew and all save one of the passengers were drowned.

The Derwentwa r was lost a little to the south of Finisterre, and the Cambridge near Aveiro lighthouse on the coast of Portugal.

Such a list as this might be lengthened to almost any extent. But minor disasters were eclipsed by that which befel H.M.S. *Serpent* on November 10, 1890, when one hundred and seventy-three out of one hundred and seventy-six men on board lost their lives. Almost approaching this casualty in its totality was that which so recently shocked the whole British nation, seagoers, and landsmen—the loss of the Roumania near Peniche. By this awful catastrophe no fewer than one hundred and thirteen persons perished, sixty being members of the crew, and the remainder fifty-three passengers on board the ill-fated vessel.

There are other dangers to navigation along this coast besides treacherous rocks and severe storms. A steamer, the Florence Richards, was on a voyage from Oran to Rouen, and when some seven miles from Cape Roca, in broad daylight, she struck something and foundered a few minutes afterwards. The crew escaped from the sinking vessel in their lifeboat, but one poor fellow in jumping fell between the ship and the boat and was drowned. The position at which the vessel met with the disaster was carefully noted, and as

there was no rock there the only conclusion that could be arrived at was that some sunken wreckage had been collided with.

The coast-line along which these disasters have occurred is in itself, perhaps, not more dangerous than many coasts. Many of the headlands are bold and rocky, being, in fact, simply mountain spurs terminating abruptly in the sea. Jagged rocks sometimes form a barrier that effectively forbids an approach to the shore, and many of these are all the more dangerous because of being submerged.

Many a cove or small bay is completely encircled, save where the mighty billows from the Atlantic surge into it, by lofty and unbroken walls of granite that entirely forbid communication with the interior. In strong contradistinction to these harsh and forbidding features are areas of gently shelving golden sand, spots where Ariel and his kindred sprites might have prosecuted their revels.

Generally speaking, deep water obtains right up to low-water mark. Ten or a dozen miles from Finisterre soundings of eight hundred and sixty fathoms can be obtained, and a few miles westwards of this the greater depth of fifteen hundred and thirty fathoms occurs. The hundred-fathom line is nowhere at a greater distance than thirty-five or forty miles from the coast, while in many cases it is only a few miles from the coast. At Cape Espichel, a little south of the Tagus, the depth is ninety-five fathoms right close up to the base of the cliff. Westwards from the hundred-fathom line the sea-bed rapidly falls into the great abyss of the western Atlantic.

It is the existence of deep water right up to the shore line that tends to make this coast so dangerous. Shipmasters argue that they can go so close to a headland as to throw a biscuit upon it in perfect safety. They may do so in the daytime in calm weather, but let them beware how they attempt to shave a corner on a dark or dirty night. Long ago Euclid demonstrated that a straight line is the shortest distance between

two given points. This is a truth that many British sea-captains are too prone to act upon. They forget that proverbial lore has found it necessary to qualify the application of Euclid's proposition by some very necessary warnings stating that the longest way round is sometimes the shortest road home, and that short cuts are dangerous. It cannot be denied that "corner-shaving" is a most fertile source of disaster. Many men have a craze for what in nautical phraseology is termed "cutting it fine." A saving of a few hours is looked upon as a most praiseworthy feat, and its performer is regarded as a "smart" navigator who can give a man commanding a boat of the same knottage as his own a day's start (say) from the Channel to Gibraltar, and beat him. Now let us see what may be the fate of such a master. Disaster on this coast has overtaken many a *careful* navigator, and to the reckless man it is inevitable; it is only a question of time. He may escape for a dozen years, and then, without any warning, he may suddenly run his vessel ashore and hurry every member of his crew into eternity. A "corner-shaver," leaving the English Channel and bound for the Mediterranean, would make for Ushant and then in a straight line for the north-west corner of the Spanish peninsula. He sets his course accordingly, and, knowing the speed of his vessel, he reckons to make Finisterre at a certain time. If he actually makes the land in the daytime, he can then correct any error in the position of the vessel; but suppose it is night-time or thick weather when he approaches the coast, he would still be all right if nothing has deflected him from his course, and would turn southwards a mile or two to the westward of Cape Finisterre. But unfortunately there frequently is a deflecting force which carries him further into the bay than he thought of going. This is a strong current that flows from the Atlantic into the Bay of Biscay, and which is very variable.

A vessel acted upon by this current may approach the coast at any point between Ortegal and Finisterre. In

many cases of disaster a light has been sighted, and this has been held by the confident master as confirmatory of his supposed position. It is quite possible to imagine one of these confident captains giving orders, when he sees the light he thinks is Finisterre, to head his vessel a little further from the land in order to round the cape comfortably. When the headland supposed to be Finisterre is passed, the vessel is put to the southward, and soon afterwards the final crash comes.

No doubt when the ill-fated *Serpent* struck the rocks near Cape Villano, her commander considered that she was miles to the westward of Finisterre; but a strong westerly gale had been blowing into the bay, and this would naturally increase the inset from the Atlantic. During the whole voyage from Ushant to Villano the vessel had the current, the wind, and the tremendous send of the westerly seas upon her starboard bow, all combining to drive her further into the Bay. The finding of the court that tried the case could hardly have been otherwise, namely, "An error in judgment of those responsible for the navigation of the ship in not having shaped a course sufficiently to the westward."

The *Priam* was set thirty miles to leeward by the same causes, and many another vessel whose wreckage now strews the sea-bed in the neighborhood of Finisterre has been lost in the same way. It is not without warning that vessels are driven on the rocks between Ortegal and Finisterre. The sailing directions issued by the hydrographic department of the Admiralty say of this district: "It is dangerous to approach the coast at night, especially in the winter season, or in thick foggy weather, which is frequent here; for not only does a powerful current set towards the land from the north-west, but the streams of flood and ebb often draw vessels out of their computed position. In the dark, gloomy weather the land is often concealed. The lead should be carefully hove, especially in hazy weather."

The question naturally suggests it-

self: "Why do shipmasters neglect these precautions and drive their vessels on shore?" The answer is, because they think themselves to the westward of Finisterre, and therefore completely outside this danger area.

It has frequently been urged as accounting for so many strandings on the west coast of the peninsula that the rocks possess magnetic properties which deflect the compasses of passing vessels. There is no ground whatever for this argument; the rocks are not known to be magnetic, and if they were, their influence would make itself felt by an attractive power exerted on the *north end of the needle*. Thus vessels running south would be led to steer *away* from the land instead of *towards* it. Clearly the iron deposits in the Galician and other mountains along the coast have not contributed in any way to bring about the disasters. They have not the slightest power to produce a disturbance of the compass upon a passing vessel.

The coast under discussion is badly lighted, and, what is worse still, it is practically a silent one. No fog-gun booms through the dense white mist that so frequently veils sea and land in its impenetrable mantle; no friendly fog-horn apprises the perplexed mariner of his proximity to so pitiless a shore; the sea-birds that nestle on these storm-swept cliffs are never startled by the weird shriek of the fog-siren. The coast is hushed and voiceless save for the hoarse roar of the breakers which all too late reveal the whereabouts of the cruel rocks that rise in frowning masses high above the turmoil of waters that attack their base.

A glance at the map will show that when a vessel has safely passed Finisterre the next danger spot is the projecting peninsula in which lies the ever memorable Torres Vedras, where the genius of the Iron Duke so unmistakably asserted itself. The most northerly point of this district is the Cape of Carvoeiro, on the south side of which, partly sheltered from the north-westerly gales, lies the little village of Peniche,

now so crowded with melancholy associations. This cape is about in a line with Finisterre, so that vessels running south, if not carefully handled, stand a chance of going ashore either on it or to the north of it. To vessels hugging the coast this is a most fatal spot, for with a north-westerly gale and the uncertain currents there is but little chance for a ship when thick weather comes on. There is another factor that adds to the dangers of this locality. The dreaded Burlings lie off this part of the coast, and a deep-water passage some six miles or so in width separates them from the mainland. To go outside these islets necessitates loss of time, and this by many navigators is considered an offence that is quite unpardonable. A man taking his ship inside the Burlings in thick weather runs a terrible risk; he is really between Scylla and Charybdis, and any material deviation from the mean of safety results in certain shipwreck.

The Roumania was making for this passage when she went ashore. If the sea could only restore to us the drowned navigators of that unfortunate vessel, they would doubtless add their testimony to that already furnished by previous disasters, and that is that the currents of this coast are powerful and uncertain and strongly accentuated during a westerly or north-westerly gale. The probability is that the Roumania went ashore miles to the eastward of where her officers supposed she was. The passage inside the Burlings would be calmer in the stormy weather than obtaining, and that is always a consideration with a ship carrying passengers. To go too far westward would be to risk running on the Burlings. But the whole length of the side of the ship would be exposed while running down the coast to the seas that rolled in from the westward, and all unconsciously to those in charge the ill-fated vessel was gradually drifted to leeward, and a dark and stormy and possibly thick night were then the only factors wanting to make her destruction certain. Notice the final scene in this maritime horror. No sooner does the vessel strike than

she turns her decks seawards, and thus the poor passengers are washed away by the sweeping seas as soon as they emerge from their cabins. The mighty billows which have accumulated force by their transmission across the wide sweep of the Atlantic cease to be mere undulatory motions when they approach the shallows. They are now waves of translation, veritable moving masses of water that bodily seize the stranded ship and strive to hurl her upon the beach. The immersed portion of the hull has to bear the greatest brunt of these terrible blows, and hence the falling of the vessel away from the land and the exposure of her decks to the full force of the seas. The tragedy was soon over. Foothold on the inclined decks there was none. No human grasp could endure the force of those frightful seas. The furies of wind and wave worked their pleasure upon the craft that a few minutes before had sat the waters like a thing of life, and when the morning sun illumined the gorges of the Sierra d'Estrella all that remained of this fine vessel and her human freight were two Englishmen and seven Lascars, who had reached the shore, they knew not how, and some sundry packages of cargo.

The one hundred and thirteen persons who lost their lives in the wreck are the latest victims to the dangers of this coast, and they will probably not be the last. While present conditions continue other disasters must follow. What then must be done to avoid such waste of life and property in the future? The evil character of the coast would certainly be reduced if adequate lighting and fog-signalling stations were provided.

It must be remembered, however, that the bulk of the traffic passing between Ortegal and St. Vincent is neither Spanish nor Portuguese, but English. We can, therefore, hardly expect foreigners to light up their coast exclusively for the advantage of vessels that happen to pass through those seas adjacent to their shores.

A more effectual remedy still of lessening the number of these catastrophes would be affected if British shipmasters would only realize to the full the dangers of corner-shaving and coast-hugging. Time may be gained and a few bushels of coals may be saved by such methods. But, after all, it is not worth the terrible risk. There is a story told which, though old, may in this connection bear repetition. It is to the effect that a gentleman who desired the services of a *careful and trustworthy* coachman, inquired from those who applied for the post how closely they could drive a carriage to the edge of a precipice without accident. One candidate was prepared to go within a foot, another would stake his professional reputation on his ability to approach to half an inch from the edge of the abyss. The applicant, however, who got the post declared he did not know how close to the precipice he could go, for he always made it a point to give danger and risk as wide a berth as possible.

The moral requires no looking for, and if British shipmasters would but act upon it, the disasters upon this coast would assuredly be lessened.

But, after all, it is unjust to be too hard upon the officers of the merchant service. They are not masters, but servants, and competition is so keen that in many cases the economical, *i.e.*, time-saving servant is regarded as smart and clever, while he who is slower and cautious is too often looked upon as unprofitable. If managing owners would but insist upon their officers taking longer but safer courses the risks of voyaging down this coast would be much reduced.

This is certain. The coast and the circumstances that combine to make it so dangerous are necessities of the case. They are inevitable. But they are to a great extent avoidable, and, being so, it is incumbent upon navigators, as guardians of the lives and property submitted to their care, to give them, so far as is possible, the very widest of berths.

From Temple Bar.

LADY GRANTLEY.

THE recent death of the Dowager Lady Grantley has brought back vividly to my recollection my first acquaintance with her, and the events that led to her marriage. They have somewhat of the flavor of a "Romance of the Peerage," and perhaps I may be allowed to briefly record them.

Many years ago — during the Fifties, alas! — a brother officer and I started on leave from Malta for a tour in Italy. At Naples I met a dear friend and brother schoolfellow at Eton — Fletcher Norton — then and there *attaché*, the eldest son of the Honorable Mr. and Mrs. Norton. After a few days, during which he had put us on the friendliest terms with the kindest of ambassadors (Sir William Temple), Norton asked us to go over and stay with him in Capri, where he was, on account of his health, permitted to pass frequent *villeggiature*. Accordingly, after dinner at the Embassy one piping night in August, we embarked in a rowing-boat at the Marina, another *attaché* — recently appointed to one of our highest diplomatic posts — making a fourth. We arrived at Capri at dawn of a gorgeous Mediterranean morning, the multi-colored cliffs, rising perpendicularly from the sea, still in purple shadow, whilst Ana Capri towered brilliantly above; and, after a bathe in the Blue Grotto, we sought the welcome shade and refreshment of our host's villa.

"Story" of our initial life? "I have none to tell you" — for it was a

Land in which it seemed always afternoon,
All round the coast the languid air did
SWOON.

At that time there abode in Capri, with their parents, four very beautiful sisters named Federigo. They were known as the *quattro altari*, and were the artistic delight of the Neapolitan limners, who never wearied of painting their portraits. The girls' occupation was at their looms, weaving ribbons of straw and silk, while their parents, euphemistically speaking, attended to the farm and the vines.

We were soon received on a friendly

footing by the sirens — with papa's and mamma's consent — *bien entendu*; and many a pleasant hour was whiled away o' evenings with mandolins, island songs, or "on a balcony;" and Mariuccia, the youngest, when in the vein, would astonish and charm us by her improvisations.

Well, the time had nearly arrived for tearing ourselves away from this *lotus-land*, when there suddenly and unexpectedly swooped down upon us, fresh from Oxford, our host's younger brother Brinsley — full, not of tracts or tractarianism, but quite *au contraire*. Brinsley had always been rather a queer boy at Eton, with latitudinarian and speculative ideas unusual at his age; and he now threw the apple of discord among us by taking every opportunity of deriding and running counter to his brother's Catholic convictions, and by being, I remember, specially merry and sarcastic anent the miracle of the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius — which festival we had just attended.

Of the four sisters we could soon see Mariuccia attracted him the most; but she at first did not much respond — influenced, I think, partly by his chaff about her superstitions and her adored saints. *Nous autres*, however, had no serious intentions in our minds; nor did we suppose Brinsley Norton had any, till one evening, when we had all gone over to Naples to dine at the Embassy, Sir W. Temple, unasked, presented me with Mariuccia's portrait — which I still have; and Brinsley intimated more or less plainly that the gift was bestowed in the wrong quarter.

At length, one day we went back to the work-a-day world, leaving Brinsley behind, as he remarked that time was no object to him. *Omnia vincit amor*. Shortly afterwards I learned, by a letter sent in a dispatch-boat to Malta, that the deriding Brinsley was not only on the point of marrying Mariuccia, but had been "verted" by an old Capri abbé whom we knew well, and had probably yielded to his religious persuasions as a means to the end.

Married Brinsley and Mariuccia were, I believe, in the little chapel on the

road to Ana Capri, and shortly afterwards Mrs. Norton started for Italy to undertake the education of her daughter-in-law, which, to put it mildly, had been somewhat neglected. I remember, on arriving in England just before Mrs. Norton started, I showed her Mariuccia's portrait, and her remarking that she should never have thought her Brinsley would have married a girl with that mouth; thereby at once hitting off the least favorable feature of an otherwise beautiful and picturesque face.

I next met Mrs. Brinsley Norton *dans le monde*; but where was Mariuccia? where was the wealth of dark tresses kissed by the grape bloom? where the graceful lines of figure and pose? where the firm, elastic walk? Alas! it was the most hideous period of feminine dress, and all were obliterated by a poke bonnet, a crinoline, and fashionable boots.

About this time poor Fletcher Norton died at Vienna, and Brinsley became heir-presumptive to the barony.

Of their married life it is not for me

to speak. Suffice it to say, that towards the end of Lord Grantley's life, when he was in ill-health, they returned to Capri, where he died in 1877.

I had lost sight of them for many years; but a few years ago, finding myself at Naples, and hearing that Lady Grantley was at Capri, I went over to pay her a visit. There once more I found not quite the Mariuccia of my and her youth, but Mariuccia again, and not "my lady." She was living in the old paternal house, dressed in the old *contadina* dress. There were the whitewashed walls with their crude prints of saints hanging on them, and the little oil lamp in the corner burning under the images of the Virgin and Child, and there she sat happy and contented with her childhood's surroundings. Spite of all non-evidences of luxurious living, the "contessa" was, I found, a Capresi millionaire. We had but a quarter of an hour in which to recall old times, and at their reminiscence she rose and wept on my shoulder, and, still tear-bedewed, I saw Mariuccia for the last time.

A NEW CHINESE MEDICAL SCHOOL. — It is a matter for sincere satisfaction within the ranks of the profession when, without prejudice to existing institutions, a new school of medicine arises in answer to the demand of a local need. We who are watching with some anxiety the slow and halting progress of a metropolitan teaching centre can well sympathize with this feeling. We can therefore cordially appreciate the genuine advance which is indicated by the establishment of such a centre, similar in aim if less ambitious, in Hong Kong. This institution has been founded by resident British practitioners and is intended for the instruction of native Chinamen in scientific medicine. Alike in its history as an independent creation and in its purpose, it therefore illustrates the developmental characters of several deservedly reputed European schools. As regards the necessity for its formation there can be no question. Chinese ideas of medicine, as of many other matters, are of the most quaint description. Astrology, demonology, and magic are among the classics of the art in that

country, and its accredited methods and implements partake, as is well known, of the same unearthly and inefficient character. Into this cavern of mystery science enters like a beam of pure sunlight, and with it health. The professoriate of the new school is to be congratulated on having successfully localized some of this vital force in the active personality of two intelligent native graduates who, after a course of five years' training, have been accounted worthy to discharge the responsible duties of duly instructed medical practitioners. After so careful an introduction to duty the professional development of these gentlemen will be noted with some interest. It is the ambition of the new college that its course of instruction should be recognized in this country. The object is no impossible one, and if we do not yet know of reasons sufficient to justify its present attainment, we can at all events recognize in the care bestowed upon these first *alumni* a prognostic indication of success in this particular at no very distant date.

Lancet.

